THE SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY

VOL. II APRIL, 1910 No. 1

TEACHING OUR FAITH

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WE here call our faith Unitarianism. We no doubt agree that we ought to have a clear meaning to a word when we use it, and that those in our Sunday schools old enough to understand the word Unitarian ought to be able to use it with meaning. 'Out of thought practice springs' and 'I desire nothing of which I know nothing,' are two good mottoes for us.

What I would ask now is not 'What do Unitarians believe?' but rather 'When are we actually teaching Unitarianism—and how shall we explain the word?'

May I first quote two definitions of the word Unitarianism given by two Unitarian ministers :—

1. 'Unitarianism is the religion of the free spirit.'

2. 'Unitarianism is a theological term. The endeavour to evade that fact produces confusion. It means "holding the unity of God in such a sense as to exclude the doctrine of three Persons in one Godhead."'

This second is what we may call the dictionary definition.

Now it may be confusing that a word should be used with different meanings. But if it is a fact that it is so used (such a fact is common enough), it only makes confusion worse confounded to deny it. And to be true to facts, we must, it seems, acknowledge to ourselves and tell others that this word Unitarianism is used nowadays in both these meanings.

When do we teach the religion of the free spirit?

When do we consider that we have succeeded in teaching religion?

Well, when do we consider that we succeed in teaching other subjects—let us say mathematics? It is when we help others to become mathematicians; otherwise we fail. This, for instance, has been known to happen. The member of a geometry class learns the proof of a problem by heart, can repeat it with shut eyes, but does not understand the steps which make up the proof; and we agree that the poor teacher has very hopelessly failed in any such case. We only learn geometry when we learn how to work out fresh problems for ourselves. Similarly we succeed in teaching religion when we help others to become religious. And when do we do that? I happen to remember learning in a Sunday school class how that Trinity text (1 John v. 7) ought not to be in the Bible at all, and how it is not to be found in the Revised Version. You may simply know this fact about the history of the Bible without being in the least interested; or on the other hand you may be left thinking and feeling in many various ways, according entirely to the place which was given to the fact in the lesson. To be left wondering that there should ever have been so much discussion about one individual, as there has been about Jesus, is a conceivable result and so on.

A quaint little girl once said to her teacher: 'What you say to us, Miss, does make me think about my faults. May (referring to her younger sister) doesn't seem to feel as I do. I think she thinks you say what you do because it is Sunday, but I don't.'

These two examples are not by way of contrast. In both cases surely the girl had learnt something in regard to religion, and also about becoming religious, in so far as she was left finding out her best thought and feeling—and a lesson may

begin anywhere to end there. Religion is linking ourselves on to what is above us.

It has been said that every boy and girl is a theologian. What is it to be a theologian ? It is to be in the habit of thinking about being alive—about the Power from which our life comes, and the way in which we ought to live it. So that when a child feels he ought to be like the hero of the story he has been listening to, he is a theologian, and believes something whether he expresses it or not in words. For what is a belief or creed ? This is what has been significantly named the atheist's test :— we believe a thing when we are prepared to act as if it were true. When you believe that water will drown, you are prepared not to walk into deep water ; and when you believe that you ought to obey conscience, you will again act accordingly. There are beliefs, and half-beliefs, and quarter-beliefs, and beliefs which count hardly at all, or not at all. A real whole belief or conviction is the expression of a motive. Belief in the leadership of Jesus implies that we want to be like him. First, we feel the need to be like him, then we express that by saying that we believe in him as a leader. It follows that if we do not want to be like him, and feel no call to agree with him, then we do not believe in his leadership. Experience comes first, and then we try to tell experience in words. The important thing is the experience—what it is we are conscious of, what we are admiring, what it is that is moving us, i.e., what we are thinking, feeling, and willing. Next comes the creed, and what is of importance in that is that it should really express what is going on in our mind, should be a *true* creed. *Our* belief must be connected with *us*. This gives us the answer to the question—what is free thought ? It is thought free to change as experience changes.

All this, it seems to me, has everything, not only a little, to do with our subject. And it goes to show that every teacher who helps others to rely on their own best experience, as the only reality on which *they* can rely, is handing on the very spirit of Unitarianism, whether the word creed, free thought, or Unitarianism be spoken or not. In other words, this is done, as scholars learn that they are free, as all others are free, and that there are no heretics, as they catch the idea that religion is something personal, grown in them, and understand that a faith is not something that they are to possess but to be. Hence we clearly see that we cannot pick up some Unitarianism, as it were, and hand it round to those in our class, because teaching our faith must always mean, and cannot mean more than, giving ourselves. Rev. Richard Armstrong in his ' Outline Lessons in Religion ' gives this advice : ' When that which is presented as a spiritual truth in these lessons, answers to no experience of your own, leave it out. You can only awaken in your scholars such religion as is real to you ' ; and again, ' Let the teacher remember throughout that he is not to teach my religion, but his own.' To this may we not add, that learners must learn not their teachers' religion but their own. All children taught to answer the questions, what do I think is true, what do I think is right, or if we like so to put it, what is God telling me now ? are becoming Unitarians. According to this there never was a greater libel than to say that Unitarians set a great gulf between us and the Divine. Truer would it be to say that the word Emmanuel, God with us, God with everybody, sums up their position.

And when we come actually to use the word, how can we explain it along this line ? A girl once went to her teacher and said, What is a Unitarian, is it something very wicked ? And the teacher said, ' Why, are you very wicked ? ' And it was borne in upon the girl that she had something to do with Unitarianism.

' But,' she asked, ' is everybody a Unitarian ? '

' No,' said the teacher.

' But why not ? ' asked the girl.

' Because,' answered the teacher, ' some people think that the two words belief and creed have different meanings. A Unitarian thinks they both have exactly the same meaning.'

Now does this mean that we can claim everyone who stands for free personal religion as a Unitarian ? Apparently yes. This is not so conceited a claim as the astonishing definition which a *Christian Life* reporter, and evidently a lover of fairy-tales, reported me to have given a short time ago, viz., ' Unitarianism is the flower of all righteousness ! ' But it sounds like claiming too much. Yet it seems correct to affirm that for many people nowadays Unitarianism means free religion

and stands for Christianity because Jesus stood for just that very thing, free religion, and himself revealed by being so great an example what simple life 'lived in God' can be.

Where did the word Unitarian come from? We must ask history how it has come about that there are so many different churches to-day—and it tells us this: just as a country is a section of a larger continent, so the Unitarian church is a section of the Christian church. If we go back in time we come to the days when in this part of the world there was but one church, with the Pope at its head. Those who broke away in the sixteenth century were called Protestants. Another hundred years, and in the seventeenth century there was further dividing, marked by the date 1662, when two thousand clergymen felt obliged to leave the Church of England, and gave us the name Nonconformists or Dissenters. Then another hundred years of change, until the name Unitarian began to be recognised in England, from the day when, in 1774, Theophilus Lindsey became the Unitarian minister of a chapel in Essex Street. All sectarian names mark some people off from others, and it looks as though the name Unitarian separates us more than any of the others from the rest of Christians, whereas we should know that it is the widest of them all. If Christians had always believed in freedom, there would have been no sects as we know them now on a credal basis. Belief could have changed within the church. Does not the meaning of that word 'creed' take us to the root of the matter? It has meant in history not simply what it means in a dictionary—the expression of a truth believed in by someone—but, the expression of a truth believed in by someone *and* belief in which is also demanded from others. Unitarians believe such a demand to be a perfectly impossible one, and have no creed in this sense. It even follows, does it not, from their attitude that it is not impossible that someone should come to a belief in the Trinity, and at the same time remain a Unitarian.

Here a class is brought to the discussion of the question 'What's in a name?' but we are now only concerned with the meaning of the word Unitarian as it is at present understood.

And to turn to the second definition. We have also to say that the word means holding the doctrine of the unity of God as against the doctrine of the Trinity. If I ask myself what my lessons have to do with denying the doctrine of the Trinity, all I can say is that I never think of the word God in the plural, that I never think of Jesus as God, that all conception of a Trinity is quite unconnected with any working faith which may be mine. The Unitarian way of looking at things is: God was in Jesus, and God is in us.

Ought we all to be able to prove that Trinitarianism is not taught in the Bible? What we really have to say with regard to such proof is, I think, this:—

1. That even if it is to be had, it is not vital. Prove that the writers of the Bible thought of Jesus as a man, and you have not proved the unity of God. Prove, on the other hand, that the writers of the Bible thought of him as God, and you have not proved that he was God. Suppose the word Trinity *did* occur in the Bible, and 1 John v. 7 was in the Revised Version, Unitarianism would remain unaffected, for there is no quarrel here. Thus we must be unconscious of some unreality in the appeal to the Bible to support our faith. A battle between a Unitarian and a Trinitarian, with Bible texts as weapons, is no life struggle, though it may be interesting wrestling for athletes. I am far away of course from meaning that it is not a good thing for us to know our Bible. For this is a good thing for many reasons, and will always be. We are talking of our Unitarianism, and we take that to the Bible, not from it. Bible proof is not vital, because a believer in the authority of private judgment cannot discuss the Trinity on Biblical grounds, he can never really discuss any question on any other grounds than what are called natural grounds.

2. That the only proof for or against the Deity of Jesus lies in our way of thinking. Give your class what we cannot help thinking is the only intelligent view of the Bible as a whole, use the Bible Chart, tell how the books were written at various times, how they came to be put together, how it seems only reasonable to accept this library as literature pure and simple to be read in precisely the same way as any other book—read it and discuss it in class in

precisely the same way as you would read and discuss any other book—and what is the result of really grasping this? The most ignorant Unitarian has an answer ready for the most well-informed Trinitarian, quoting from the Bible the answer, namely, 'No idea is proved to be true or false because it is in the Bible.' If then all easy argument is at an end, that cannot be helped. It is not our business to tell our scholars that religious subjects are easily disposed of—though we can tell them that religion itself is simple and above discussion. Suppose a hot believer in the Trinity comes along and declares to them that in the Gospel of John it is recorded that Jesus said, 'I and my Father are one,' what are the natural questions they will ask (granted this view of the Bible is theirs)? Are they not: 'I wonder whether he really did say so?' and 'I wonder what he meant if he did?' And if the Trinitarian goes on to tell them that it means that Jesus declared himself to be God, and they make answer, 'We can only say quite reverently and seriously that we find it impossible to believe that he could have been sane and really meant that he was the Infinite God on earth,' that may be an inconclusive answer, yet, I think, a very good one.

Are we not giving a clear, definite, and important idea of the essence of Unitarianism when we teach that it tells us to put the whole emphasis on living the life, and learning for ourselves, everyone for him or herself, as much doctrine, and such kind of doctrine as the freest, fullest and highest life we can live, will teach us. It makes for genuine convictions, and living voices, at all costs.

'There are many echoes in the world, but few voices.'

In closing, may I refer to the idea of a dedication service? The suggestion has often been made, and is not difficult to carry out; at the same time it is, I suppose, quite an uncommon practice to hold a dedication service in Unitarian churches. Yet in them, if we had such occasions, would be a special link between the church and the Sunday school, and encouragement to teachers and scholars alike, not to be satisfied with knowing nothing of the underlying principles for which both the church and the Sunday school stand.

A LITTLE SWISS GOATHERD

H. D. ROBERTS

You know that in the summer-time I was in Switzerland: that lovely country where great mountains tower up to the sky, and where the tops of some of them are always white, because they are covered with snow; and where there are great rivers of ice, and deep, dark forests of pines. Well, in that country there are boys and girls just as there are here, though not nearly so many of them. Some of them live lives quite unlike yours, and do things you never do. They live in tiny villages, where the houses are very close together, in valleys where the great solemn mountains stand up like walls.

Well, like you, these children go to school. But they don't go to school all the year round. When the ground is covered with hard snow, and all the earth is warm and asleep underneath it, and the cows and goats are all snugly sheltered from the cold in their houses, and there is no more hay-making to do, and the sun only peeps over the mountain walls for a very little while each day—then the children go to school. They go to school in the winter; but in the summer they are busy helping their fathers and mothers with all the things which have to be done out of doors. There is so much to be finished in the warm, short summer; everybody must help; every bit of grass must be cut and gathered up that the precious cows may have enough to eat in that long dark winter; everything that can be grown must be grown. And the children are out all day helping with it all. You may think that to have holidays for the whole summer is very nice. Well, I should like you to see how hard these children work in their holidays—quaint little men and women they look, just like their fathers and mothers, only smaller.

There is the boy in each village who takes care of the goats. Each house possesses one or two or more goats, and it is goats' milk they drink and use. For the cows are all away now. They have left their dark houses where they spent the long winter, and they have gone away from the valley, up, up, up, far up on the mountains; and there they are, out all day, eating the fresh short grass, and

very happy to be out of doors in the sweet summer-time. They don't come down at night. They stay there all the time.

And sometimes, when you too have left the valley far below, and are walking up on the mountains, or over the mountain pass, suddenly you will hear many bells ringing—a ceaseless tinkle, tinkle—and there you are among the cows, pretty, gentle creatures, each with her bell and collar round her neck. And there are some men with them, who stay up there with them all the time. They live in a hut on the mountain, and milk the cows and make cheeses of their milk. They do this, not only for themselves, or for one family, but for the whole village all the summer time.

But I was speaking about the goats. There are many goats in the Swiss valleys. They are nearly as important as the cows. Pretty, tame animals they are, as fleet and active as deer. Each goat, too, has its little collar and bell.

If you are staying in a Swiss village, quite early in the morning, most likely before you are thinking of getting up, you will hear a horn or a bell, or perhaps a whistle, and then there is a sudden commotion, a great deal of tinkling, a patter-patter of little feet. You look out, and behold a procession of goats; goats running down steps and over fields to join it, goats like naughty little children, who won't do as they are told, and have to be chased or scolded out of their houses, goats that will stop to nibble something on the way, and let the procession go past, and have to be flurried into it in a hurry, goats that think they want to quarrel with other goats, and stop the procession, while they poke one another with their horns, one or two goats that take the lead and always keep in front of the procession; and good goats, that follow quietly and give no trouble at all. With an immense deal of liveliness and tinkling of bells, at last the procession is got together and goes solemnly away.

Where are they going to? They also are going away from the village, away from the precious grass down below which must not be eaten now but be kept for hay. They, too, are going up high on the mountains to find their food for the day—often a long way off, up steep and rocky places, up the beds of streams, in stony clefts and hollows which the heavier cows cannot reach, and where very little seems to you to grow at all, these nimble goats climb and climb and scramble, to look for their daily living. And often, when you are walking on some path far below, you glance up to see above you what looks like a herd of deer, all busily feeding on the steep slope. And you wonder how they got up there, and still more, how they will ever get down! But they will get down, and be brought safely back to their homes in the evening. *For they are in the charge of someone who understands all about it.*

Well, who is that? who is it who is taking care of all the goats of the village, sometimes as many as two or three hundred, active, restless creatures, who might here and there stray away into inaccessible places where no human foot could follow? Who is it who keeps them, scattered apart and yet all together; sees that there is always running water within reach for them to drink; leads them away from one patch of ground with its scanty herbage eaten up, to another where they may begin afresh? Who is it that is responsible to all the different owners for these animals which are their valuable possessions? Who is it they are trusting with them, sure he will bring them back safe and unharmed at night? I will tell you. It is just a boy; not a very big boy either; a schoolboy, who in winter will be back at his books and his school, while the goats stay in their houses, and go up into the mountains no more.

I have often looked at those boys, those goatherds, with surprise. For it is a strange life they lead. Think of that boy, away from everybody from early morning until the evening; up in the lonely places of the hills where no human being ever comes, and no human voice except his own is ever heard. He is quite alone, except for the animals he is tending; often, without shade in the heat of the sun, and without shelter in the beating rain; and always, always on the watch, lest his charges stray away or hurt themselves. No dozing, no sleeping, no carelessness for him, as the long hours go by. And yet he is no hero, either in his own thought or other people's. He is just a Swiss boy, who is trusted to do his duty.

And he must be a *wise* boy, too: wise in

the ways of mountains, which are often awful. He must be weather-wise, lest his charge be overtaken by mist and storm. He must know the signs and threats of change, so as not to be caught by bad weather unawares. He must even be a rough doctor. I remember watching the goats coming home one evening, and noticing one of them, poor thing, which was limping along painfully. It had hurt its leg, somehow. But the leg was carefully bound up with rag, and all done that could be done.

I remember another day—a Sunday it was, but even on Sunday, you know, the goats must eat; there is no holiday from that—when it had rained hard. The goats had gone as usual to find their food, and the boy followed, to spend his day, as must needs be, on the cheerless mountain side in the pelting rain. Mere *rain* makes no difference; and I watched him, a little ashamed of my own easy shelter, as he trudged away, under a coarse sort of sack-cloth stuff to try to keep dry. I dare say the goats would rather have stayed that morning in their places under the cottages, and they looked damp and draggled for all their tinkling. It rained hard; so hard, indeed, as to prevent a procession which was to have taken place in honour of a church festival. Well, the day wore on, and the rain went on, and I forgot all about the goats and the boy up on those dark, gloomy mountains, over which the low clouds hung like a great black pall.

But very early in the afternoon, to my surprise, I heard the familiar tinkle-tinkle; and sure enough, the procession of goats presently streamed into the village—several hours before the usual time of returning. 'Oh,' I said, 'I suppose *this* rain was *too* much for them.'

But it was not long before I understood. Rain, as rain, does not matter, but a snow-storm does. As we watched from the window, it seemed as if the rain got thicker and heavier, and presently all the world was blotted out in a wild, whirling snow-storm. A wintry cold benumbed all things. The tree before the window, laden with ripening apples, the brilliant clumps of geraniums in the cottage and hotel balconies and windows, the sloping roofs, wet as they were, the telegraph poles, were heaped up with white masses. And presently even *these* disappeared. You could see nothing but the whirling snow itself. There were no mountains, no village, any more. You were in a world of falling snow. But the goats were all safe and snug in their houses—just in time they had all got back. That which had astonished me on that mid-August day, had not taken unawares the little goatherd. *He* had read the signs of the time, gathered his charges together, marshalled them down, and before the storm burst they were all in shelter. And he was only a boy!

But, you may say, surely he has a dog to help him, like the shepherds in England—a good, clever dog, who keeps the goats together, and rounds in those that are inclined to wander, and is a companion during those long days on the mountains? No, there is no dog. The boy is alone with the goats; and whatever has to be done, he does himself.

And so you see, wherever we are and wherever we live, life calls us, and God calls us, to do what we have to do, faithfully and well. It does not matter what it is. You here in England have different things to do from your little brothers and sisters in Switzerland. You can hardly imagine what it is, you who know the streets and crowds of a busy town, to go away alone, except for goats, into that great silence of mountain and forest, and to find your duty there. You would think it a strange, dull life, you who are accustomed to many voices and many noises; just as the little Swiss goatherd would be deafened and bewildered if he were set down suddenly in one of our streets, while tram-cars, and motor-cars, and carriages, and carts, such as he has never seen in his quiet valley, rushed and thundered past him. It is the sounds of nature *he* hears, the chant of the grasshoppers, the wind in the pines, the splash of the mountain-stream, and often the deep organ-note of thunder in the mountains. But whether in the city or in the mountain, God is there, just the same: looking for faithful hearts, glad and willing to do their work, whatever it is, well: looking for strong and sturdy characters, brave and unafraid. And when your duty seems uninteresting and unpleasant, and you think how much nicer and easier it would be to have to do something else, I want you to think of those little Swiss goatherds, who have learned how to be *alone*, how to endure hardships, and how

to be trusted, all the long summer days upon the great mountains. And then I want you to remember what a great English poet once said, and to understand it. He said—it is a grand thing to think of —'All service ranks the same with God. There *is* no first or last.'

HOW THE CAMERA MAY HELP IN TEACHING

BY AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER

NOTICE that I do not say 'How *my* camera helps me in Sunday school teaching,' for though it is quite true that it does—indeed it is such an old and faithful friend that I often wonder how I should get on without it—still it is not my camera alone that helps, but also my friends' cameras, especially those that have been taken abroad for holidays. We are not all amateur photographers, but I suppose we all know some friend with a camera, who would be willing to help us by lending suitable negatives, and by giving a few lessons in printing and toning.

I can assure all teachers that they will be amply rewarded for any trouble they may take in the preparation of the prints, by the delight and interest of their classes. Sunday school scholars—especially boys—may not *say* much, but all the same they *feel* that their teacher takes a real interest in them, and in the school, when they have a tangible proof of that interest in the possession of photographic prints done *specially* for them, which they have to 'keep' as visible reminders of the lessons taken in class.

It is now many years since I first started having a 'Picture Sunday'—we take the first Sunday in every month.

On this day each boy in the class is given a print of the picture or subject taken, and after examining it for a few minutes, each in turn says what he sees, and what he thinks is meant by the subject. It is really wonderful how soon the boys are able to see a great deal more in a picture than the average person would see.

Then the lesson is given, generally with a heading—Cheerfulness, Bravery. And the boys, if they like, may take a few notes on the back of the print. Each boy has an ordinary ruled note-book—about the size of sermon paper—and when he goes home he puts his photograph neatly in this book, by cutting four slits for the corners, then he writes underneath a short description of the picture and epitome of the lesson.

As to subjects: it is marvellous the way ideas come when one is on the look-out. We have had a great variety of 'texts'—for example, a photograph of the Royal Humane Society's medal, with its motto—'Perchance a little spark may lie hid,' will illustrate a lesson on 'Tenderness.' The R. L. Stevenson Memorial in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, makes a good text for a lesson on 'Cheerfulness under trial and suffering.'

The Nightingale Tomb (Westminster Abbey), and the carved pulpit in Brussels Cathedral, contrasted with the American monument by French, 'Death staying the hand of the Sculptor,' illustrate the old idea of death as a skeleton spectre, an enemy to be dreaded, and the newer and truer feeling that Death is a friend, who calls us to higher life and work.

My friends who have been abroad have often lent me films to print from—indeed some of my best subjects have come from them; for example, I had the loan of an excellent negative of the monument erected a few years ago by the followers of John Calvin to the Unitarian, Michael Servetus, as a kind of expiation of Calvin's 'mistake.' This monument is erected near the place where Servetus was burned, and the photograph was taken when the International Conference met at Geneva. It shows the wreath which was placed before the monument by the Unitarians attending the Conference. A few years ago I was given a good series of snap-shot films taken at a Spanish bull-fight, in South America, and about the same time there appeared in the paper 'M.A.P.' a very vivid description of this terrible spectacle, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, which I used to illustrate the photographs.

The small card of the 'Bible Library,' published by the Sunday School Association and sent round to all our schools last year, I photographed, and the boys had lessons on it before the large copy was framed and hung in the schoolroom, and I know they felt an added interest in the 'new picture' and its meaning, from the fact that they had small copies of it belonging to themselves.

At the last Oxford Summer Session, Mr. J. J. Wright, in his beautiful paper on 'Literature in the Sunday School,' read, as one of his examples, the anonymous poem 'The Tapestry Weavers,' and it was published in the 'Inquirer' by the special request of those who had heard it. I cut this out of the paper, and having pasted it on cardboard, I photographed it. I also copied a picture postcard of tapestry workers at their looms, with the pattern hung over their heads, and by means of double printing I was able to get the poem and the picture on to P.O.P. post cards. The boys learnt the verses, and liked them very much.

It would take too much space to go in detail into all the pictures we have taken, but the above notes will indicate our method and style of subject. We have also had photographs and lessons on the following:—Michael Angelo's 'David' (see Byles, 'The Boy and the Angel'); The Coronation Chair; Edward the Confessor's Tomb; some Egyptian pictures from 'The Book of the Dead'; the Manchester College Chapel and Library Windows; the Orcagno frescoes at Pisa; and pictures by G. F. Watts, Holman Hunt, Sir Noel Paton, Henry Holiday, F. Dicksee, the Belgian artist Jeff. Leempoels and others.

The camera I generally use is a two guinea quarter-plate, Lancaster Instantograph, on a stand. I think it is best to use thick P.O.P.—like post-cards—as it does not curl up, and the back can be written on. It is sold at thirty pieces for a shilling, instead of thirty-six.

I hope some teachers will be induced to try having a 'Picture Sunday' with their classes, and that they will enjoy their lessons as much as we enjoy ours.

I remember my comparing my fresh personal impression of him with the previous literary one, and coming to the conclusion that his stature was higher as a *practical reformer* than as *great thinker*. . . . I gained from him rather less than I had expected on speculative matters, and vastly more in relation to social and moral questions.—*Martineau on Theodore Parker. Life*; vol. ii, p. 311.

Has God really had more to do with the Bible than he has had with the theory of Copernicus, or Galileo's discoveries, or the careful working out of Darwin's speculations? My reply would be: *Not more, nor in any different way.—F. E. Millson.*

WILLIAM RATHBONE OF LIVERPOOL, 1819-1902

J. L. HAIGH

EVERY town is proud of its household names, its roll of honour, members of well-known families who have served it faithfully, helped to keep it civilised, and passed on their example as an inspiration; freemen and servants in the cause of the Eternal Goodness. Liverpool, the black spot on the Mersey, is not quite so black as our country cousins sometimes think, because it has always been blessed with a little host of civic redeemers and reformers, men and women of integrity, good-will and benevolence, who made a few oases here and there of tenderness and refreshment, and thereby gave new hope and strength to the weary and sad to go on their future way rejoicing. Ten good men and true can save any city, ancient or modern, though it were black as Erebus, and its waters as bitter as the Dead Sea. Religion is force, the divine dynamic, and *this* force is the one effective remedy in the world. Salvation is therefore man's chief business and delight; to glorify God in the service of humanity is his immediate recompense.

What would we do if the good, the wise and strong in our Birminghams, Liverpools, Manchesters departed from us and hid themselves in the beautiful recesses of Windermere, and *so* attempted to keep their souls alive? No, these men feel that they belong to the plains, to the great levels of daily life, to the commonplaces of their kind: they lift their eyes to the hills of God from whence cometh their help, and then they walk with hearts refreshed among the crooked byways winding round the mount and by the sea with the Light of life to cheer them on their way. This is true: when you want to find quiet, steady, persistent servants of God for the salvation of any city, town, or hamlet in our midst, people who are not simply hearers of the word, but labourers in the vineyard of humanity, who are eager to spend and be spent for the good of their fellows, you cannot do better than go to our friends the Quakers, or their first cousins the Unitarians. Look into these two curious labels 'Quakers' and 'Unitarians'—glorified appellations which Englishmen are compelled to honour because the terms stand for sincerity and service.

Critics must confess that although the creed may be queer the conduct is sound. What would Liverpool have been without its unorthodox Unitarian-Quakers, Quaker-Unitarians ?—the tone and temper of the one entering into the activities of the other, and so keeping the stream of their tendency pure.

William Rathbone is a sample of this. Heredity has still something to say for itself. Another William Rathbone, the great-grandfather of *our* William,—the name runs down the royal line—' was a typical Quaker merchant of the eighteenth century ' we are told. What a convincing picture we paint for ourselves immediately we read that suggestive sentence : straightforward dealing, courage, conviction, benevolence. ' Thee ' and ' thou,' ' yea and nay,' ' quietness and confidence,' ' whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,' are scriptural and poetically practical ; of that type which pulses with the flow of righteousness on active service bent. That is the great need of every hour, every time, every crisis : the word made manifest in human life. ' Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour : England hath need of thee.'

When *our* William was a boy of seventeen the Liverpool Domestic Mission was established. The call came from the saintly John Hamilton Thom. He told himself and his people that his chapel of ease was half a mockery if those who came to worship in spirit and in truth did not go forth to serve, to save, to heal all those who sat in the darkness of that crime which comes through neglect, and the horror of that disease which comes through ignorance. We are our brother's keeper. Our Palace of Art is worthless if we do not bring the people of the valley up to the broad plateau on which it stands, to feel the airs of heaven and enjoy the wonders of the treasure-house. We gain to give ; we stoop to conquer. Many good people who live in the clean country are often too ready to quote ' Every seaport is a sink of iniquity.' ' Every cottage has its cesspool,' the man of the city retorts, and there the matter might end. ' And thou also ' is a sort of sham battle-cry, with plenty of confusion and smoke in it but no movement towards victory. The naked fact is that both towns and hamlets and their inhabitants were in a wretched state of physical and moral degeneration in the year of our Lord 1835. We have cultivated a Public Conscience since then ; we have done something to redeem the time : but we are not satisfied. Shame still haunts our pillow. Measures are no good without men. Now Mr. Thom and his people were favoured in finding a man who was at one with the motive which prompted the founders of the mission, the man who had as his prayer, his incentive and his psalm, ' Come, kingdom of our God, sweet reign of light and love.' A great critic of life and manners has repeated the refrain ' sweetness and light ' with such persistency in his day that some of us may even see what it means. William Rathbone understood it. It meant to him ' Christ's gospel of peace and hope and purity to the toiling and suffering.'

1835 to 1910 : three-fourths of a century ! We are in another world. Bad as we are we are better than we were in 1835. ' The good old times ' we say sarcastically. And although divine dissatisfaction will not let us boast, it is good for our encouragement to see that we have advanced. The secret of success in this matter of social reform lay in the fact that the Missionary and his supporters were spiritually-minded, and that the whole force of their characters, their genius and their personalities, was devoted to the task of touching the soul of man and so redeeming his life. The Missionary had to make himself the intimate friend of a limited number of those who lived in this sink of inquity, and cleanse them and their surroundings, save their children, and inspire the youths and maidens to see that life was well worth living. With God all things are possible when faithful men are his fellow-workers. Our fathers' faith was faith divine. A spiritual, a scientific, a political Hercules has been seen at work in many instances during the last century. Wonderful are his achievements. But when we look at the matter very closely this question of regeneration or new generation, the unalterable imperative ' Ye must be born again ' takes precedence of all knowledge, cleverness, research, invention. Civilisation is a nonentity without religion : it is a house without inhabitants. Man alone can make it a home. Home must be the centre of the perfect life. Look then at this name Domestic Mission, and see what

it means. You touch the man at every point if you begin with his home, sit by his fire, win his confidence, work through the outward form of his vocabulary into the secret longings of his spirit, and so feel the power of the human and divine atonement. Beginning there, where are you to end ? There is no end on earth.

One of man's first cries in that dim past was 'Educate my children. I've stumbled and fumbled through my life in mist and darkness. Let them know.' A big demand for those days. But the challenge was accepted. Free day schools and night schools were established for children and adolescents. Beautiful and romantic things they were when we get the historical perspective set right, and live in the atmosphere of the motive which prompted their foundation, although many of them laboured along under the ugly patronymic of 'Ragged Schools.' 'Who gave you this name ?' we ask. 'My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism, when the fairy that men call humour was abroad on her holidays,' is the answer. Most instructive and entertaining is it to take up an old minute-book in which is recorded the resolutions and decisions of the committee of management of one of these schools. The Three R's formed the beginning and end of the curriculum : but what an enormous amount of the knowledge of the world can be thrust into that triangular dimension ! Imagine a poor teacher not being able to spell, and having to be sent to Coventry until he mastered the mysterious combinations of our hybrid language ! He must have been an unfortunate descendant of our old aristocracy fallen on evil days. He is down in that minute-book for ever. We know an old scholar who remembers distinctly the visit about 1865 of the Rev. John Hamilton Thom and Mr. William Rathbone to this particular school. Mr. Thom examined a class in mental arithmetic, while Mr. Rathbone nodded approvingly ; and this boy pleased his questioner so much that he received the noble sum of sixpence on that occasion ; and later on had handed to him as a mark of approval and encouragement 'The complete works of Oliver Goldsmith' ! That particular school was continued until the passing of the Education Act of 1870. Hundreds of men in all parts of the world, many of them now fathers and grandfathers, received the whole of their education in these Ragged Schools. And more, far more than that. They were in almost daily touch with another representative of Mr. Rathbone's goodwill—the Domestic Missionary. Day school was a duty, and it was difficult to spell the terrible test words that the master himself could not always pronounce correctly ; but Sunday school was a delight, and the happy young Missionary was a big brother who never troubled you with wriggly words, but revelled in parables and wholesome speech, and asked you to have tea with him in his sitting-room, and gave you jam !

General principles for practical men are no good without particular instances ; and the wide-spreading tree called Magnanimous Scheme is fixed to the earth by the tentacles of personal self-sacrifice and living interest. If possible, and as far as in you lies, prove all things by direct experiment, by immediate experience and observation, and then boldly and in a giant-hearted fashion declare what you know, is a safe rule of good guidance for both scientist and philanthropist. Mr. Rathbone in his commercial transactions, his social theories, his private benefactions followed this rule. Head accompanied heart all through his years, although the latter happily ran away with the former, as occasionally it will with all genuine lovers of their kind. 'Not slothful in business' was relieved from monotony by the brightness of 'serving the Lord.' Take an example. Thrift among the working classes may simply mean a mere mechanical or economical expedient for lubricating the cog-wheels of life when the indicator no longer points to 'full speed ahead.' Not a bad thing in its way. And yet 'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves,' may only end in the things of £ s. d. But when the accumulation of the coppers is associated with the living personality of a man who rejoices in his brotherhood, there is a kind of reciprocal compound interest added that bank-managers, as such, have never been able to tabulate or understand. The more you give the more you have is the secret of this transaction. William Rathbone was a regular visitor for the Liverpool District Provident Society for a considerable period. If you can see the man in the cottage kitchen with the mother and

babes, marking the card and entering the amount in his book, and then having a confidential chat with the woman about her ways and means, her husband's work and prospects, the health of her little ones, *etcetera*—using the *etcetera* as an opening to the Kingdom of God—you will be able to make for yourselves a key-picture explanatory of the motive and purpose of this good man's life. Reciprocal compound interest! The best in humanity depends upon that. When wealthy men, men of weal, of well-doing and well-living, say 'What we have, everyone should have,' the leaven of good-will is working through the measures of society.

During his wife's long and painful illness Mr. Rathbone was held by the devotion, patience, and skill of the trained nurse who attended the sufferer night and day, and an inspiration came to him in the midst of his pain and sympathy. It took the form of a righteous mandate: 'What we have in the time of our trouble, the poor *must* have in theirs.' And so District Nursing began. Led by William Rathbone, the spirit of Florence Nightingale, 'The Lady of the Lamp,' glided into the homes of the poorest and most neglected, and through the wards of the workhouse and hospital, bringing with her the healing power of sympathetic science, womanly comfort and warmth. Cold Charity was transformed into Human Love.

In this brief outline of a good man's life we have purposely restricted ourselves to simple matters. But these are all indicative. Thoroughness and directness were among his chief characteristics. In many instances a youthful optimism and audacity overcame the timidity of his friends, and won the approval of his critics. The world is for the young, and he was one of them. There was no finality or infallibility near him, and any scheme better than his own was ever welcome, no matter who the author of that scheme might be. The little irritating imp called jealousy always found the chamber of his heart closed hard against it. Never pretending to be a philosopher, a scholar, or a statesman, he was eagerly quick to recognise men of that ilk, and made them, persuaded them, to use the treasure they possessed for his purposes. His modesty, prompted by the spirit of humorous parody uttered itself delightfully when he said: 'In short, if I were to venture to express what seems to me the lesson of my own life by an adapted proverb, I should say, "Great are the uses of mediocrity."' Experience gave him the certainty and satisfaction of knowing that through the blessing of joyful indomitable perseverance he had achieved and could achieve. Follow him through his parliamentary labours, his work for elementary and intermediate education, the establishment of universities, his studies, his travels, his business and philanthropies, and you will find the same man you were introduced to in his own church, the Domestic Mission and Ragged School, the workman's cottage, and the Nurses' Home.

'There were certain salient qualities that every one perceived: a strong will, which acted as a magnet on weaker wills; untiring industry, unrelaxed even in old age, rebuking the indolence of younger men; an abounding vitality, which upon those susceptible to such influences, had somewhat the bracing effect of a mountain breeze; an obvious, utter disinterestedness before which small ambitions and jealousies shrank away; an infectious confidence that the ends for which he worked were good, and that being good they must, under the guidance of God, be attainable.'[1]

A PEEP INTO A FRENCH SUNDAY SCHOOL

HILDA STANLEY

DURING a stay in Paris I had the pleasure of taking a class for some months in one of the schools of the 'Eglise Réformée' of France. The Protestant Church embraces all shades of belief from Unitarian to Trinitarian, but the school in which I taught was of the latter creed.

At nine o'clock on Sunday morning teachers and about one hundred and fifty scholars, the latter being of all classes and ranging from the ages of four to twenty-five, were gathered round a harmonium in the church. After a short time for hymn and prayer the school divided, the elder members remaining in the church, the younger ones going into a large room at the side.

I accepted the post of supply and was ready to fill the place of any absent teacher in the lower school. There was never more

[1] William Rathbone; a memoir by Eleanor F. Rathbone (Macmillan & Co., 2/6 net.)

than one class vacant, and no class contained more than ten scholars.

On my first Sunday I was given a small green card on which I found the title of a lesson for each Sunday of the year—the whole comprising the outline of the Life of Jesus, the parables and the miracles. Together with the lesson, the card indicated the verse or verses to be learned by heart. I also had the register in which to mark attendance, conduct, and proficiency of recitation. These marks were always very high. Teachers and scholars alike possessed a green card, and every Sunday they received a white paper on which was printed a picture representing the subject to be talked about, the verse to be learned, and some half dozen questions on the lesson. In this way all was brought before the mind by means of the eye as well as the ear.

After places were taken and a welcome was given to each little scholar, the verses learnt were recited. We then turned to the white paper; read the story out of the Bible; considered the special incident portrayed by the picture; and found answers to the questions. After about twenty minutes of a lesson, during which the minister or assistant came round to give a friendly welcome and word to each one of us, the classes joined and one of the two superintendents belonging to the junior school gave a general talk. The children recited the verses in unison and answered questions on the subject just studied in class. Then a white sheet showing the next week's lesson was given to each child and to each teacher, and thoughts were turned to another incident, always, however, in continuation of the old subject. The superintendent gave a little address on the subject for the next week, explained the picture, read the story from the Bible and dwelt a little on the lesson. This was a great help to the teachers, both to the younger ones and to those who were unaccustomed to the system of teaching. After about fifteen minutes we re-assembled in the church for hymn and prayer before dispersing, but we met again at the ten o'clock service.

One striking feature of the school was the visiting. On my first Sunday I was asked to visit the members of the class I had taught, and to give an account the following week. I was extremely sorry, however, to refuse, but being a young foreigner I shrank from going into the poor parts of Paris in the evening after study hours. But the matter did not rest there. Someone soon came to my aid; my children were seen by a willing helper, who told me each week the result of her calls. I am confident that the healthy state of the school was due to the systematic visiting, and that a meeting of teacher, scholar and parent out of school hours is the only way to keep the school alive and make it a means of help to all concerned.

Now my readers may be exclaiming: 'Poor children! Two lessons a Sunday!' Well, this I grant seemed extraordinary to me at first, but my fears were soon dispelled. Lessons were linked together, and the children thought over the coming lesson during the week by learning the verse, looking at the picture, and trying to find answers to the questions on the paper. Certainly the French child has, in most cases, school on Thursdays as well, when the subject for the following Sunday is dwelt upon. Thus the children hear the story on Sunday, return to it on Thursday, and again on Sunday; have the opportunity of talking about it with two teachers, and thinking about it during the week. I always found that the children had done this, and on the Sunday they had illustrative stories ready and the verses well learned. Lessons were never confused; we were continually digging up old subjects, and each Sunday was connected with the preceding one.

On the last morning I was in Paris, I was fortunate enough to teach the same children I had had on my first day six months before. Out of curiosity I asked them if they remembered the lesson I had given them. They were most ready with answers on the Parable of the Talents, and one little fellow of eight years old repeated from beginning to end an illustrative story I had translated from one of our own books.

I always look back with pleasure on the way I was drilled in this excellently organised school, and on the Sundays I spent with the little French folk and their teachers. There was no difference of race or of tongue and no channel to divide us—I was one with them in studying the life of him who taught us to love God with all our hearts and our neighbour as ourselves, and who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

NATURE STUDY AND THE TOWN CHILD

GRACE MITCHELL

. . . . . .

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more wonderful tale.

. . . . . .

—Longfellow, from the 'Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.'

I HAD always been very fond of gardening, of plants and animals, of country sights and sounds generally. People said I was a country child and should live in the country, but I am a Londoner born and bred, my heart is in Social Reform, and my happiest work lies among the children and young people of our poorer neighbourhoods. I am devotedly attached to this great city and would not willingly live elsewhere. Most town folk would probably say the same of their city.

For a real town dweller I thought I did appreciate as far as it was possible the country sights in London, but it was only whilst training for a kindergarten teacher, when I came in close touch with the Nature Study movement through my college work, that I realised how blind and deaf in these matters I had really been. It opened almost a new world before me, a world which grew more beautiful and more wonderful as the weeks went by. Since then I have been trying to open this world to others, especially to the children of our poorer parts of London. I am convinced this Nature Study movement has a great power for good in it for children, and all those who are dealing with children, and most of all for those who willingly or unwillingly live in great towns. To win active sympathy for this movement is my only aim in writing this short paper.

How can I make clear what Nature Study really is? Perhaps by shewing very briefly how I came to realise this movement, not by any formal definitions of it, but by gradually entering into its spirit, led by one who herself was one of its truest pioneers. We put text-books on one side and went direct to Nature. We were taught to use our own eyes and ears and powers of observation and reasoning, and thereby to find out for ourselves some of the many wonderful facts connected with the lives of our familiar plants and animals, and the great natural agencies with which even a town child would come in contact. And the joy and interest of such a quest!

I remember one of our first such voyages of discovery. It was in the autumn, and among many other searching Nature Study questions with which our whole course was full, we were each to try and answer 'Why, and therefore, How our English trees prepared for winter.' A simple question and easily answered by a few bald facts we thought; but we students took weeks to answer it; and at the close we felt how much more thought we could still spend on it, what a vast field of observation and truth still lay unexplored.

We first went to Kew Gardens to look at and note accurately the differences of the winter buds of the ordinary English trees. We did not find it at all easy to make ourselves absolutely familiar with those differences, for we had also to judge what were the constant forms of the beech and oak buds, etc., and which purely accidental variations. This needed close observation, and we had not yet been trained to 'look.' In spite of extraordinary differences of form, colour, and arrangement adopted by the various species of trees we found that some characteristics common to all these winter buds stood out very clearly. We were to discover 'why' soon. The next week we each had specimens of buds from four or five of our leading common English trees, and were allowed to see what they contained. If my readers have never unwrapped these buds (scale by scale, and as carefully as may be) let them do it next autumn. I do not think that any of us students knew till then that the leaves for next year, very small but perfectly recognisable, were all most exquisitely folded away in those dead-looking autumn buds.

To let a class of children make this beautiful and wonderful discovery for themselves, and realise its meaning, is to get a glimpse of what Nature Study may be. These winter buds, especially those of the beech, seen in the autumn of the year are one of Nature's lyrics. They are a parable too, and of such Nature Study is rich to overflowing.

We now knew 'why' the trees made winter buds. They 'prepared' for winter so as to be 'prepared' for the first breath of spring with its call to work. The reason was the presence of the tiny green leaves ready and waiting till the rising sap should in the coming spring cause them to develop rapidly, pushing through and bursting open their dull strong covering, hastening on to do their spring work of feeding the tree to sustain it for the greatest work of every season, the formation of seeds. We were now ready ourselves to answer the further point already observed: 'Why,' though the buds varied one from the other, certain common characteristics of the outer bud-scales always appeared. It was because a common function related them all together, namely that of protecting the inner leaves from winter harm. We had begun to learn that great truth illustrated in nature as in man, that beneath variety there is a deeper unity, if we but search for it. In every case the inner green leaves were absolutely protected against winter frost and wind and rain by their bud scales. All overlapped each other and sheathed the inner precious life. Their ways varied, the 'how,' the 'structure' varied; some employed resin, as in the horse chestnut buds; some had soft silvery hairs, as in the beech buds—but all fulfilled their common function faithfully and withstood the winter storms. Only when their work was accomplished, when the warm spring rains and sun laughed the trees back to active life, did the bud scales loosen their tight hold round the little leaves, and we saw them lying in heaps under a beech or other tree, dead, dull, useless; but to the Nature Study student or child who has been helped to see and know, and has watched Nature week by week at her beneficent work, those bud scales were not dull, but very beautiful and full of meaning.

These winter buds, their function and hence their structure, were after all only a part of the answer to the apparently simple question, 'Why and how trees prepare for winter.' We spent weeks upon its answering, and I should weary my readers with more detail, for we have not touched yet on the stem, root, earth, rain, or seed questions. We ourselves opened and unwrapped a seemingly dull, dead seed, a chestnut or sycamore, in that autumn, and found the baby plant perfect, safe, and ready for next year's spring growth. We saw many other seeds all perfectly formed, carefully scattered, and absolutely protected from winter storms. One may read such facts in a botany book, one may be told them in a day or Sunday school lesson, and both teacher and scholar remain unmoved. But to see this for oneself and to let the children discover this truth for themselves is a very different matter, especially when we wait through the winter and then watch the gradual, quiet, but resistless development of these and many other seedlings grown ourselves the next spring.

Nature Study would have us all realise what these and many, many other nature facts taken as part of one great whole mean,—it would help us realise the profound wisdom, care, and love revealed to us by these outward facts. All this personal study will gradually open our minds and our hearts to see and hear and know things we can hardly believe are true, they are so good and beautiful. It prepares us to believe that did we but know more, other seemingly hard nature facts would prove equally beneficent and wonderful and good.

And so from week to week from personal observation we answered or partly answered these and many other deeply interesting questions of growth and orderly development, of change by steadfast laws, learning that Nature is one, only divided up into separate sciences for the convenience of man's study, and how there is a mighty yet gracious inter-dependence among all natural phenomena—the sun, the storms, the earth, the plants, the animals, to name only a few—and that man has his relations to Nature also.

'Nature' Study is not antagonistic to 'man' study—to history, to literature, to geography. It is not a choice of one or the other, for these two should form a balanced whole and together lead the

child to that all-embracing reality, to God himself. As Froebel so beautifully shows us, every child born into this world should be looked upon and educated—whether at home or at school—as a child of Nature and as a child of Humanity, and through these two, but outreaching either, and greater and more significant than all else, as a child of God. Froebel's teachings are in the greatest sympathy with this Nature Study movement. His wonderful insight into the needs of the child if it is to be educated for 'life' as a whole, led him to lay due stress on the 'Nature' side as well as the 'Man' side of all true, deep education.

Nature Study is good for all children, but I chose my title deliberately, 'Nature Study and the *Town* Child.'

If anyone wishes to see the natural result of allowing children to grow up mainly as 'children of humanity,' to the exclusion of 'children of nature,' let him work among our town children, and especially in the poorer districts. The typical town child is the fruit of this one-sided development and environment, though I recognise gladly and thankfully that much has already been done to redress the balance. It is not for me to enter here into a discussion of the good and evil of both town or country life for our children. As practical teachers and workers we have to recognise the many sterling and healthy qualities possessed by our town children, as well as their defects, and then act accordingly. Many of our children live in a constant atmosphere of crowded streets and homes; hurrying, changing multitudes; noise, brightness, excitement; human life in full swing. Do we educationalists, whether of the day or Sunday school, wonder that, loveable and attractive as these children are, they are often nervously eager, unbalanced, shallow, excitable? If my readers have begun to realise what Nature Study seeks to do and be, they will not wonder why I so keenly long for our town children especially to come under its calming, broadening, steadying influence.

Among many others, there are just three ways I should like to indicate in which we Sunday school teachers may be able to do our little towards bringing this influence into the lives of our scholars.

We have in most of our cities open spaces, some wilder than others. Why not sometimes go with our children there to see for ourselves a little of the workings of Nature? Even to watch the yearly change of a few common trees in a small open space or roadway may begin to open a world of wonder to the little town child. But we must help the child to 'look.' I have taken several such simple rambles (far preferable to Zoo visits, though these are also delightful and good) for the last three years, working for the Countryside Branch of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. I can speak from personal experience when I say how even a single such walk may help the child in the truest sense to see Nature. It repays the teacher a hundredfold; children are so ready to enter this kingdom if we but lead the way. On one of these rambles some boys aged about ten were chiefly intent on trying to catch bees under their caps. I got hold of one or two and asked them to try and see if they could find out what the bees were busy doing. When once these children had discovered the bees were packing pollen into their dust-bags, and I had told them why bees needed this pollen, their interest was great. They were out on a Natural History voyage of discovery which they soon began to find extremely absorbing. Caps were soon forgotten, and first an ant laboriously dragging some food to a little tunnel leading down into its nest, then a caterpillar inside a gorse pod, then an oak tree with very young acorns, led us happily on till at the close of the walk we were all heartily sorry to part.

If the question of ways and means necessitates a choice between the children going on a day treat, or going for a fortnight's summer holiday, there can be no doubt which to choose. Let every possible effort and sacrifice be made to get our town children away for a real country holiday each year, and let us do all in our power to strengthen the 'Nature Study' side of this holiday. I have sometimes come across London children standing outside their country cottages dull and with apparently no desire to go further afield. 'Who will come for a country walk to see what we can find?' and off we all go, soon as happy as the day is long. We see how the corn is ripening and what other plants are also busy with their harvests, and why; we see how and why the bryony and wild

rose in the hedges get up to the sunshine ; we try to find the very youngest blackberries on the spray and see how they grow up, and we feast on the ripest. We listen to the birds, and the wind in the trees, and we lie on the heather and watch the clouds and the open country, and the children laugh and play and wish they could stay in the country always, till they remember the joys of going home. 'East, west, home's best,' whether in town or country.

Then through our town window gardening we may surely also do much to help the children. Let them grow not only geranium cuttings and other pot plants, but chestnuts, acorns, and other seedlings so that they may have the joy of tending them carefully and of watching day by day their wonderful growth and unfolding. Let us make our flower shows real nature study festivals with flowers from field and hedgerow, young growing corn, tumbling sprays and sturdy branches, so that our town dwellers may marvel at and rejoice in the summer wealth of Nature for one glad day at least.

I have only had space and time to show briefly two or three ways in which we may strengthen this Nature side of our work with our children. Other ways will readily occur to those who realise its importance and possibilities. The summer is now before us, shall we not make fuller use of these Nature treasures around us, even in our crowded towns, and so help our Sunday school children to see more clearly the beauty and greatness of the world in which God has placed us where truly 'All's Love, yet all's Law.'

Blessed are they who are glad to have time to spare for God.

Blessed are they that enter far into things eternal and endeavour to prepare themselves more and more by daily exercises for the receiving of heavenly secrets.—*Imitatio Christi* iii. 1.

There is such a thing as a serene, immovable conviction. Faith is a deep want of the soul. We have faculties for the spiritual, as truly as for the outward world. God, the foundation of all existence, may become to the mind the most real of all beings.—*Channing.*

Humility does not consist of thinking poorly of our nature, but of thinking truly of ourselves. —*Thom.*

The saint at last is the only logician.—*Emerson.*

BELIEF IN GOD

SYDNEY H. MELLONE, M.A., D.Sc.

In a striking passage in his first letter to the Corinthians, the Apostle Paul speaks of the different ways in which men build up their lives on the foundation which is given them, and the different qualities of the lives which they build. On the foundation given, which we do not create, and out of the materials provided, which we do not create, we build, each one of us, a life ; and the quality of that life may be like 'gold, silver, or precious stones, wood, hay, or stubble.'

In this world, man is put in charge of himself. Bunyan compared the soul of man to a city. To make the analogy complete, we must affirm that within the City of Mansoul there is a central Citadel, the Will, which is our very own, inaccessible to any other being. If we surrender *that*, we surrender our life. That is the centre and source of all the power that is really our own. To that extent we control the building of our lives. But there is another side ; and it is to that other side that I ask your attention now. What can be said of all the things which we do not and cannot control ? What can be said of the real facts in life which were exaggerated in the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination, or the Oriental doctrine of Fate ? What can be said of the facts which suggested the ancient fancy of fickle Fortune with her wheel, lifting one life to the heights of prosperity and success, carrying another down to the depths of failure and distress, blindly reversing the process as it revolved ? Why is it that still 'at the back of our minds,' so to speak, most of us half-believe in 'Luck,' as if 'Luck' were a really existing thing, interfering at times in the course of human life ?

No man has had any choice of the time when or place where he was to be born, or with what kind of hereditary impulses, or into what kind of social surroundings. How enormous is the influence of all these things in moulding his life, needs not to be said. Some writers have been so obsessed by this, that they became unable to see anything else. Thus, Henry Thomas Buckle, in his well known *History of Civilisation*, assumes that the environment practically creates the individual,—that the more we know of the total surroundings,

including country, soil, climate, the more surely we know what the individual character must be.

It would generally be admitted, now, that such views are extreme and exaggerated. But they only exaggerate a *truth*,—they have a basis in reality. We are free; but our freedom is limited by forces utterly beyond our control. Can we in any way understand these forces? Can we take up any intelligent attitude towards them? Must we always continue to talk about Fortune, Luck, Chance, Destiny, Fate?

I wish to suggest two thoughts, one of which leads on to the other, and both of which I hope will provide partial answers to these searching questions of our day.

Our Pauline illustration suggests one answer. The writer speaks of Something—some Power or Destiny—which *tests* and so *reveals* the kind of life-buildings which we have made. Sooner or later the true character of every man's life shall be revealed in the light of day: revealed, by the way it stands the tests. What are the tests? The writer compares them to 'fire,'—fire, in which the true metal survives, but in which the wood, hay, and stubble perish. Every man's work shall be tested, as it were, by fire. Whether he was thinking of some special ordeal, some miraculous divine inquisition into the lives of men, we cannot be entirely sure. But it is certain that the whole of life is such a testing-time.

Forty years ago the late Professor Huxley published an address or 'Lay Sermon' on 'A Liberal Education,' which contains a famous passage illustrating this thought of *life as a testing-time*. 'Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend on his winning or losing a *game of chess*. Do you not think we should all consider it a primary duty to learn at least the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a correct opening, and a keen eye for all the giving and getting out of attack? Do you not think that we should look with disapprobation, almost amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

'Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us (and more or less of those who are connected with us) do depend upon our knowing something of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world; the pieces are the phenomena of the universe [the "things that happen to us"]; the rules of the game are what we call "laws of nature." The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, accurate, and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance.' In saying that the rules of this mighty game are the 'laws of Nature,' Huxley means 'not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways.'

There is a well-known picture showing Satan playing at chess with Man, for his soul. In the great game of life the unseen player is not a fiend nor an angel. The *unseen player is Nature*, and Nature neither hates us nor loves us. Nature attaches to every deed its inevitable results, whereby bad deeds bring forth in the end nothing but evil, and good deeds in the end bring forth nothing but good. If human beings had not to some extent learned this, the human race could never have existed. 'Suppose,' says Huxley again, 'that an adult man, in the full vigour of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances.'

But if this solitary man were joined to the society of others like himself, 'a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but

conduct would still be guided by the observation of the natural consequences of actions ; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.' To a great extent this has taken place in the history of humanity at large and in our own lives. But Nature's methods are often harsh and wasteful. Nature visits ignorance as sharply as wilful disobedience, and at her hands, incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. The object of all human education, in the widest meaning of the word,—in school, in college, in the church, in the world,—should be to make good these defects of Nature's education, and to lead us beforehand to act so that true happiness and welfare may be the fruit of our deeds.

Every law of Nature is, therefore, a law beginning with 'if'—it says 'if you do *this*, then *that* shall follow whether you knew it or not.' It tells us what will happen as the result of our action. Knowing this—when we do know it—we are able to accomplish our purposes and guard against evil. Only so can Science accomplish the things she does for us. The Forth Bridge stands—because designers and constructors all knew that *if* it was to stand, so many things *must* be planned and done, and they did them. The Tay Bridge fell, because they did not know that *if* it was to stand against the power of the eastern gale certain things *must* be done, and they did not do them.

These events are not merely incidents in the progress of mechanical engineering ; they are parables of life. The greater part of all the troubles of life is due to the fact that we live in a great scheme of laws—not laws like those made by man, declaring that we *must do*—not laws determining what our conduct *shall be* ; but Laws with an 'if' ; and of these Laws we only understand a few, and even these we know only 'as in a glass darkly.' Hence so many of our actions bring disaster or pain.

This, then, is the meaning of Huxley's parable. To our every deed, our every thought, are attached results that can never be evaded,—things that touch character, happiness, mind and body, in ourselves and others. Our business is to learn these things and live accordingly. This thought, once adopted into our minds kills the lingering notion of Chance, or Fate, or Luck in life.

I am prepared to go further than Huxley, and make an affirmation which, as far as I know, he never made. When we have spoken of the inviolable Laws of Life which attach to every thought and action its inevitable result leading at last to welfare or woe—when we have said all that can be said on this side—we have not said the last word. I believe that all of what we call Laws of Nature form part of a great plan in which they are worked together for good. And notwithstanding the many things which happen in whch we cannot trace any such plan, and the many things which seem wholly evil, I say that we are entitled to believe in a Divine Plan for the good of the world—a plan vaster than we can conceive ; the best that we mean by 'good' being a faint hint to us of what the Great Plan means.

I repeat that I do not neglect the facts of life which, if we take them at their face-value, do suggest a blind fate or a malignant Power rather than one which 'means intensely, and means good.' But when I think of such facts, I think of something else as well.

This persistent hope and faith of the human race, which alone saves men from utter pessimism and despair—this thought that the world, in spite of all its evil, is subject to a power which means well with us, and is the instrument of a plan working out a good which is greater, not less, than we can conceive—this is too valuable, too full of significance for practical life, to be given up simply because of *what we do not know*. For that is what it really amounts to.

Our knowledge at present, even our scientific knowledge, though it has enabled us to improve the outward circumstances of human life so much, and give us so much power of foresight, is extremely imperfect. This is never denied. Nor is it denied that we are imperfect on every side of our being. The best of us are only children of an older growth. If, then, there is a universal and all-embracing plan operative in the world, what should we expect ? We should expect beforehand that while there were many real indications of the operation of such a Plan, there would also be many events which we could not reconcile with it, owing to our ignorance. But to deny our right to assume that the world is the instrument of a Divine Plan because we

cannot completely explain everything in the light of that Plan and Purpose—what is this but to demand that we must be omniscient before we can affirm anything beyond what our senses show us ?

Let us recur to Huxley's parable again, but use it in a different way. Huxley asked us to imagine ourselves each as a ' player ' in the ' game,' while the other ' player ' in each case is Nature, who is neither friendly nor hostile to us, nor even desirous either of winning or losing, but only of impressing on us the consequences of the ' moves ' we ourselves make. Let us take up the illustration in another form, and imagine ourselves spectators of a game between two master-players.

It is perhaps worth remarking that the game is played on a board of sixty-four squares, with sixteen pieces on each side, standing in two rows facing one another. The pieces have different powers of motion. There are a number of general rules to be learned, but when these are fully grasped, the beginner has only taken his first step. For the real interest and real difficulty of the game lies in the far-seeing plans which it requires. Any such plan involves the working together of several different pieces with different powers. In the hands of the best expert players, the ' game ' has become a difficult scientific pursuit, requiring special mental gifts. Imagine a spectator, then, watching two such players, himself but just understanding the moves. ' How unintelligible it will almost all appear ! Whatever is that move for ? How foolish to sacrifice that piece ! How tired one gets of trying to understand it, as it goes on hour after hour with no apparent result ! Granted that the end aimed at is worth the effort, why couldn't it have been arrived at more expeditiously ? How one would like to have suggested this or that obvious move to finish the game ! ' But the ignorance of the spectator, who knows a little, does not disprove the reality of the comprehensive plan which uses all these movements for one purpose.

Let us, however, carry our imaginative supposition further, and suppose that we are neither the players nor the onlookers, but the pieces on the board. Or to put it otherwise, let us suppose that the pieces are each endowed with powers of observation and thought, bearing about the same proportion to their limited powers of movement as our own intelligence bears to our ordinary experience. Would it be possible for any such piece to gain more than the beginnings of insight into the rules of the game ? Would it be possible for it to gain any insight at all into the plan of the player ? One piece is sacrificed, another left standing in some corner all the time ; one piece is kept in the front of the attack, another allowed only to bring up the rear. The pieces would have strong ground for arguing in some such way as this :—' Either there is no player, or his eyes are turned away while the hand moves, or he has conceived offence against some of his pieces and makes favourites of others ; the elect are brought to the front, while the reprobate are punished or neglected ; or maybe he doesn't care about poor pawns, lets them be lost without heeding, or forgets them altogether and lets them be. And yet does he care more for the more powerful pieces ? They too are exposed and lost, are much used or altogether neglected, with no apparent reason.'

Tennyson speaks thus of the Power which he calls Nature :—

> ' So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life.
> " So careful of the type ? " but no.
> From scarped cliff and quarried stone
> She cries : " A thousand types are gone :
> I care for nothing ; all shall go.
> Thou makest thine appeal to me :
> I bring to life, I bring to death :
> The spirit does but mean the breath.
> I know no more." '

So might the pieces on the chess-board speak with reference to their own experiences. But they would be wrong, because they could not discover the full meaning of each move, and how from beginning to end an intelligent purpose was supreme over the game. The master player needs all his pieces, and knows what each can do ; and the ' pawn ' whch seems so useless is often of such importance that its removal would lose the game. But how could it come to comprehend this, as long as its knowledge is so limited ?

Suppose that the ' game ' is worked out, not with thirty-two pieces on a board of sixty-four squares, but on a board which is the whole earth ; that its ' pieces ' are equal in number to the countless hosts of humanity ; that its duration is from the dawn of human history to the ' far-off

divine event.' We cannot comprehend the complete Plan in our minds from the beginning to the end. We cannot see how many things which happen can enter into such a plan at all. Shall we therefore settle down into the conviction that only the darkest forebodings as to our nature and destiny can be true? Because not one of us can tell just how important his little individuality may be to the Plan of the Great Whole, shall we therefore conclude that it is of no importance at all?

I spoke of the imperfections of our human knowledge, and rightly. But little as we know of the ultimate sources of being, we know that those locked chambers, to which as yet we cannot penetrate, are full of something more rich and powerful than we can comprehend. Every step of man's advance in knowledge has been a progress into marvels and mysteries which, like mountains in his pathway, have risen before him to grander heights the nearer he has come to them. In every respect existence is found to be greater, finer, more complex, more inexhaustible than man at first supposed.

These suggestions are now being made from the side of physical science in ways more vivid and striking than ever before. But the history of creation has the same story to tell. Out of nothing, something. Out of chaos, order. Out of nakedness and ugliness, grandeur and beauty. Out of barren sands, left by receding floods and glaciers, a carpet of flowers and grasses such as no human skill has ever spread for a conqueror's feet. Out of dull earth, the strength and grace and swiftness of living and moving forms. Out of bloodshed and passion and ferocious hatred, our temples of worship, our institutions of learning, our organisations of a sweet and gracious charity.

The Power that guides the worlds has not failed hitherto to lift its creations step by step to a higher perfection. Have we now reached the end of its resources, with no better thing in store? We are not called upon to take so dark a view but to have confidence, instead, that humanity, and all human souls, though they seem to be

> 'groping on their way,
> Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
> Yet hoping ever for the perfect day'—

shall be guided at last into the light of that perfect day.

THE CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION

WALTER RUSSELL

IMMEDIATELY opposite Marble Arch is Tyburn, where many infamous men have suffered the penalty of the law, and where more than one man has been martyred in the name and for the sake of him who met his death on the gallows of Calvary. And in Bayswater Road, within a few hundred yards of Tyburn, is the unique Chapel of the Ascension, in which no services are ever held, but which is dedicated to God, and set apart for rest, meditation and prayer.

Mrs. Emelia Russell Gurney, the foundress of the Chapel, was born on July 26th, 1823, her father being William Batten, who was assistant master at Harrow. In 1852 Emelia Batten was married to Mr. Russell Gurney, the late Master of the Rolls, and twenty-six years of unalloyed happiness were brought to an end by his death in 1878. Throughout her life Mrs. Gurney displayed a deeply religious character, which spread an uplifting influence around her, and drew forth the best from all who enjoyed the privilege of her friendship. A typical instance of her almost saintly character is recorded in a letter written by her mother. Referring to the morning of Miss Batten's marriage, she writes: 'She was alone until it was time to dress. When I went to her with her breakfast she was in tears, with the Bible in her hand, and said, "Let me read you the lesson of the day."'

For this deep and devotional spirit she was largely indebted to the inspiring life and influence of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, at whose house she frequently stayed, and whose spiritual influence pervaded her whole life. She was his 'beloved Emily,' and the letters which passed between them before and after her marriage reveal a true bond of Christian fellowship and affinity of spirit. As she looked back upon the days spent under Erskine's roof, she would speak of his home as the home of her soul. On one occasion he wrote to her: 'Wherever we see good we see the presence of God, for there is no other good'; and all that was good, and beautiful, and true spoke to her of God. Nature ever drew her spirit Godward, and whilst sitting in the garden

in the spring of 1863, she wrote: 'The white blossoms among the trees look like incense; the earth is offering up its very best, and *my heart wants to aspire too.*' These influences which pervaded her own life reached through her the hearts of others, and a nephew once wrote: 'How different would my past years have been without your love!' And another nephew in a letter said: 'Bless you for that, and for even better things.' In times of sorrow and trial she displayed a rare depth of sympathy and insight, and out of the deep experiences of her own relations with God she was able to succour and help the tried. After her death the author of 'John Inglesant' said: 'She cast the glamour of her own purity and genius over the work of others, and attained thereby to an appreciation which they themselves were unable to accept. Her letters always seemed to me to have a peculiar and original charm, a distinct insight, and a clearness of expression when speaking of spiritual feeling, very far beyond the common—in fact unique. Let us thank God that we have known such lives as hers, a knowledge which silences and subdues all the doubts and perplexities of life.'

Mrs. Gurney was possessed of ample means, and it seems but natural that such a life should find its true expression by conferring some lasting good upon others. She conceived the idea of erecting a building in one of London's busy thoroughfares, wherein the wayfarer might lift up his heart in prayer and meditation, assisted by pictures illustrative of Scripture history. With this purpose in view she sought an interview with Mr. Frederic Shields, to whom she unfolded her plans. Her first letter to the artist was written on September 1st, 1887, and on the following day he replied: 'I tremble with desire and fear towards the idea's fulfilment—fear to fall short in a matter that involves we know not what wide issues ultimately in the service of art and purity. . . . I cannot speak of the matter yet to anyone, it seems a sacred dream, not to be told till fulfilled.'

After many disappointments and a prolonged period of searching, a suitable site was found in the disused cemetery in Bayswater Road, attached to St. George's, Hanover Square, and here the ideals of the foundress and artist have been realised.

Many fine traits of character were displayed by Mrs. Gurney during the erection of the Chapel. On one accasion she asked that all who had been employed in the work, from the architect to the least workman, would favour her by writing their names in a book which she provided—but in it her modesty forbade her writing her own. And as the artist proceeded with his work she had a number of the pictures photographed, that she might send one at Christmas to each of the workmen.

During the building operations Mrs. Gurney took a keen interest in every detail of the work, and on March 19th, 1896, the first of a series of explanatory lectures was delivered—and the first day of opening was the last day on which she stood within this creation of her generous heart and active brain. On the following day she was stricken down, and after seven months of pain patiently endured, the wing of the Angel of Death touched her, and she slept, and thus ended a beautiful life whose latter years had been filled by much physical pain and weakness.

Mr. Frederic Shields, the artist whose brush has so wonderfully adorned the walls of the Chapel, is a man of kindred spirit with the late Mrs. Gurney. His greatest ambition has been to 'enter into the spirit of her dream and to carry it to its fulfilment.' He has sought through his art to interpret God's word, and to reveal to men the wisdom and goodness of the Father and to minister comfort to the weary, the sorrowful, and the tempted. To this end he was impelled to a deeper study of the Scriptures, and his work within the Chapel, and the text of his guide book,[1] form a commentary which is helpful and highly suggestive to the teacher and student of the Bible.

Mr. Shields, who is now well advanced in years, is a native of Hartlepool, and his illustrious work has conferred a lasting honour upon the Charity School of St. Clement Danes, London, at which he was educated. His early work as a designer was followed by water-colour drawings of domestic subjects, by illustrations for the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and Defoe's 'The Plague,' and when Mrs. Russell Gurney first approached him, he was engaged upon the decoration of Eaton Hall Chapel, Cheshire.

[1] The writer has pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to Mr. Shields.

Much of the work of the Chapel of the Ascension was executed under the most trying conditions, a portion of the wall decoration having to be done in a crouching position during cold and foggy weather, by the light of a small oil lamp. During the early part of the work the artist suffered much pain, and Mrs. Gurney never failed in her sympathy for him. In a letter dated September 1st, 1895, she wrote: 'You might well say "I am the man that hath seen affliction."' This treasure-house of art and religion has been born of the travail of foundress and artist, and we re-echo the sentiment of Sir Noel Paton, who, while ill in bed, wrote on receipt of some photographs of the Chapel pictures: 'That they will speak to many a listening heart above the rush and roar of London, when we have all passed beyond the dark river, must be a grateful reflection to you.'

As we are about to enter we read that—

THE CHAPEL IS OPEN DAILY.
SUMMER MONTHS 9 TILL 5.
WINTER MONTHS 9 TILL 4.
CLOSED DAILY FROM 1 TILL 2.
THE CHAPEL IS NOT OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

And on the right side of the doorway—

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY?
COME AND REST AWHILE.
COMMUNE WITH YOUR OWN HEARTS, AND BE STILL.
JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND FOREVER.

We pass within the heavily draped inner doorway, and at once feel that herein we may forget ourselves, our burdens and anxieties, and our storm-tossed spirits may hear the Master say, 'Peace, be still,' and there shall be a great calm. Our hearts are hushed into silence as we surrender ourselves to the elevating influences of the artist's deeply religious nature, as embodied in his pictures. Or as we see the tender, appealing expression on the face of Christ, and feel the intense yearning of his heart for the saving of some passion-tossed man or sinning woman, we may sympathetically bear his burden, and be moved to kindlier ways and more affectionate relations with our fellows. For true art cannot be divorced from life, and must have its place in the formation of men's characters, and the purifying of our daily intercourse together.

John Ruskin once said: 'The entire vitality of art depends upon its being either full of truth or full of use.' These pictures fulfil both requirements, and though we may be ignorant of the technicalities of art, and may fail to grasp those fine points of the artist's work which make for true greatness, we can scarcely fail to experience the stirring of a new and deepened sense of the Christian story, and the tender pathos and beauty of the Master's life. These products of the artist's brush visualise the spiritual, and call us to rest, silence, and prayer within a modest chapel, which Mr. Shields describes as 'a retreat where all within should conduce to withdrawal from the cares and pleasures of the great city's fleeting life, and to inward communion with the enduring unseen realities through their shadows cast upon the walls,' for these are the only ministers of the Chapel.

We are at once impressed by the consummate skill with which the artist has seized the central idea of the incidents he portrays, and has conveyed its message through his art. But all thought of the artist fades away as we are brought under the spell of the Master's spirit, which pervades the little Chapel. We stand in the presence of a revelation of God, for all true beauty emanates from Him, and we are led up to Him by the exquisite delineations of those incidents in the life of Christ and his followers, which unitedly have wrought a revolution in the life and thought of the Christian centuries. Religion has called forth the sublimest expressions of Art, and it is the union of Art and Religion in the Chapel of the Ascension which appeals so strongly to the purer elements of our being, and through this spiritual union the foundress and artist attain their high purpose.

There are times when we are stirred by the sensuous appeal of a passionate outburst of music throbbing through the pipes of a great organ, or sent forth from the lips of a famous singer, or when our whole being is enthralled by the utterance of a master orator; but from these pictured walls there comes the soothing, inspiring message of Christ's love, as the chords of our hearts are attuned to harmony with him. And as by the clustered pillars of a Gothic cathedral our thoughts are directed to heavenly things, even so in this little Chapel our spirits are brought into communion with the

Highest. Not unfrequently the only sounds heard within the chapel are the visitor's own footfalls as he moves from picture to picture, or the beating of his own heart as he sits and meditates, and allows his thoughts to rise to the appeal of the heroic spirit of the immediate followers of Jesus, or is lulled to rest by Nature's soothing influences as depicted on the walls.

But the supreme and all-dominating influence of the Chapel is the spirit of Jesus which expresses itself in the chief pictures on the north and east walls, and is reflected in the delineations of the Acts of the Apostles on the south wall. He is the Light of the place. We feel the beauty of his life as its subtle influences reach the depths of our hearts. The story of his career comes home to us in flashes of inspiration, and we realise that unceasingly throughout the centuries the influence of Jesus has passed from soul to soul, and in this little sanctuary we feel something of the compassion and love of him who went about doing good. Here is promise and hope figured for us in the almond blossom in the 'Annunciation,' and there, the mercy and forgiveness of God in the rainbow in 'Christ's Lesson of Forgiveness.' In all the varied scenes of the Master's life order is being brought out of chaos, and evil being supplanted by good. The stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth, the children gathering the fallen fruit beneath the mulberry tree, and the ploughman at his plough, all speak of the glory, beauty, peace and fruitfulness of life lived in the spirit of Christ. And we marvel at the Silent Voice which has come down the centuries, and in unuttered words stirs the depths of our spirit and touches life's holy of holies.

Briefly, the scheme of the Chapel is as follows :—On the west wall the creation of man is delineated, and the north and east walls are occupied by pictures illustrating the Gospel history, with panels representing the Apostles. On the south wall are illustrations of the Acts of the Apostles, interspersed with figures of the Prophets. Beneath these larger pictures is a fine series of small panels illustrating New Testament subjects, many of them powerfully displaying the artist's wonderfully sympathetic imagination.

Words cannot convey more than a meagre idea of the treasures of sacred art contained within this shrine, nor can they give any adequate idea of the refreshing restfulness of the place. As we look upon the 'Annunciation,' we see that the evening shadows are falling over Nazareth. The rising moon and the stars reveal a modest figure upon the housetop, listening to the angel Gabriel, and bending in submission to God, as she answers, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word.' This may be legend, but it is legend so beautifully portrayed, and so exquisitely embodying the high hopes of every Jewish mother, that criticism is hushed into silence. In the distance is the cliff from which the attempt was made to cast Christ down, and in the foreground the blossoming almond tree directs our thoughts to the Jewish expectation of the Messiah.

The only incident of the childhood of Jesus that is figured in the Chapel is that of his subjection to his parents after his first visit to Jerusalem for the Passover. Christ is about to leave the carpenter's shop, bearing a yoke upon his shoulders, and Mary, leaving a roll of the Scriptures upon the stone seat near the door, rises to kiss Jesus before he starts upon his journey. The 'Baptism of Jesus' is an exquisite piece of work, and the perfect figure of Christ as he rises from the water, with clasped hands and upturned face, is illumined by a light from heaven, as the Holy Spirit, symbolised by a dove, descends upon him. By the side of Christ's illumined figure stands John the Baptist, shrouded in the dark shades of 'the peep of dawn,' reminding us of the words, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.' The morning star, preceding the faint rose of dawn, shines over the Baptist's head, as his burning and shining light, fading even as it shone, presaged the glory of the Sun of Righteousness.

Beneath the Baptism is one of the most striking of the small panels. One half of the picture is in deep shadow, and the other in glowing light. At the base of the panel kneels a young man, agonising in prayer, in the midst of temptation. Before him is an open Bible, and upon the ground the dice-box and dice. Behind him, and from out of the shadow, a female figure extends a festal wreath, tempting him to the indulgence of unclean desires. Behind this figure is another, luring him

to destruction by the offer of a crown of earthly glory, whilst from the deepest shadows behind, Satan reserves a diadem of riches and power as a final bait. The prayer of the young man is symbolised by a film proceeding from his mouth and culminating in a dove, which ascends heavenward, and as he prays he sees as in a vision the temptation and victory of Christ, and is made strong in the power of his might.

In the ' Woman of Samaria ' Mr. Shields' canvas and text give us a deep insight into that instructive incident, and with great power he shows the inadequacy of racial prejudice and dogma to inspire to a true life ; he emphasises the message, that they that worship God must worship him in spirit and in truth. We can only note in passing the intense yearning portrayed in the face of Christ in his desire to win an individual soul. This aspect of Christ's work is repeatedly laid hold upon by the artist. We see it in the ' Healing of the Leper,' and with great force in ' Christ's Lesson of Forgiveness,' where Peter and John are figured in hot dispute, and his whole soul beams out through his face as he mediates between them.

A striking instance of the suggestiveness of these pictures is found in the ' Cleansing of the Temple,' where ' the compassionate sympathy that marked the attitude of Christ to the poor ' is admirably indicated. With passionate indignation against the defilement of his Father's house, he has driven out the rich hawkers, and overturned the tables of the money-changers, and has spared no wealthy dealer. The moment seized by the artist is that in which Christ has come to the poorer dealers, the sellers of doves, and Passover cakes, and bitter herbs. In sorrow, but with gentle firmness, he bids them ' take these things hence.' And the love of the Master finds a ready response in the upturned faces of the women and the wondering look of the children.

The visitor will instinctively turn with deep interest to the artist's interpretation of the final scene in the life of our Lord, and we anticipate that in the ' Crucifixion ' he will experience his one great disappointment. Mr. Shields has striven to ' set forth that Christ's passion was the great antitype wherein all sacrificial types of the Law are fulfilled, for in Christ crucified the believer beholds the Lamb of God taking away the sins of the world.' He is ' the One offering, once for all, on which the fire of the wrath of a Holy God upon sin was poured forth.' The attempt to embody these ideas has resulted in a formal and unnatural design, which repels the intellect and leaves the heart untouched.

The ' Stoning of Stephen ' is a daring piece of work, of such brilliant colouring as to attract the eye immediately on entering the building—it might be termed ' a study in crimson.' This brilliancy may be best explained in the artist's own words : ' It is sunset, and all these (the murderers, etc.) and the guilty city are seen ENSANGUINED under the crimson glow.' The whole conception of the scene is powerful and full of vitality.

In an article of such brevity it has been possible only to refer to a few of the pictures, but from dado to ceiling the Chapel is full of suggestive work of a high order, calculated to stimulate our interest in the life of Christ, and to deepen our spiritual nature.

There are those who enter the sanctuary who by the cursory glance cast upon the pictures, or by a casual remark, clearly indicate their inability to appreciate the aims of the artist, or to grasp the spiritual significance of his work. But there are others whose highest aspirations are strengthened by meditation within these walls, and whose study of the pictures is ever preceded by prayer. With Mrs. Russell Gurney many would say : ' Every time I go, the whole effect and the details grow upon me amazingly. Its deep harmony of colour is full of continuation, if I may say so, its tender vibrations, as well as its full chords.'

It is a hard matter to preserve perfect charity amidst the divisions of the religious life of our time—still harder to keep it in face of the harsh judgments and the exclusions—which touch our feelings and hurt our sense of what is due to us. All the more needful that we should watch our heads, and restrain our hands, lest we should be wanting in so essential a part of the Christian temper. If a man, or a church, is uncharitable towards us the thing we have most to fear is that we may become uncharitable toward him in return.—*F. E. Millson.*

The words of wise men are heard in quiet.—*Ecclesiastes* ix. 17.

NOTES FOR TEACHERS

I.—My Own Son

F. J. GOULD

THE name of the ship was *Glory*. So it was called when it was launched, and for the first time cut the waters of the great sea. But glory was added to *Glory*—H.M.S. *Glory*—when, one day in 1909, it rested at anchor in the harbour of Malta.

Fire!

It was a passenger vessel that was all aflame, and the red light glowed on the Maltese water. The captain ran the ship ashore, but the sea was wild with surf, and, in the fire or in the tumbling breakers, several lives were lost. The passengers were chiefly Arabs.

Now the skin of the Arab is brown and swarthy, while the skin of us English—us Europeans of the North—is fair and white; and you know that some of us have a high pride along with the white skin, and we have a way of reckoning ourselves the front-rank folk of the earth.

A pinnace (an eight-oar boat) from H.M.S. *Glory* had taken in some of the passengers from the burning liner, when three Arabs lowered themselves over the ship's side by a rope. Two of them were picked up. The last got twisted in the rope, and he dangled over the water, while the iron hull of the ship glowed hot and red with fire and death.

The brown-skinned Arab hung there, not knowing if death or life should claim him.

Thomas Bouttell, a bluejacket of H.M.S. *Glory*, settled that terrible question. He seized the dangling rope, untwisted its coil from the passenger,—the side of the liner glowing almost red-hot,—and both fell into the sea, and the son of England held up the son of Arabia in the surf, until they were rescued by a boat some time after.

The Stanhope gold medal was given to Thomas Bouttell.

You will suppose I tell you this story so as to give honour to the bluejacket's courage. His was indeed a manly act, and worthy of a sailor and a citizen. I am thinking, however, of something else. I am thinking of *whom* he saved. It was not a fellow-bluejacket; not a fellow-countryman; not a fellow-European, but a son of Asia,—an Arab,—a disciple of the prophet Mohammed. Bouttell asked nothing as to the colour of the man's skin, or the place of his birth, or the creed of his religion. It was a *human being* who was entangled in the rope; so he went to his help.

Black is a deeper hue than brown; and a negro, to some eyes, is further off us white (and proud) Europeans than even the Arab. Very well, now I will speak of a negro who lay on the floor of the church of S. Maria della Scala at Rome in June, 1849.

Why did he lie on the floor?

He was dead. He had been killed by a French bullet. Rome had been besieged by the French army. Rome had been ruled for a few weeks by famous captains,—Garibaldi and others,—who were seeking to make Italy free from the Pope and from all foreigners. For a few weeks Rome had been a republic. Garibaldi's men, in their red tunics or shirts, had manned the walls, and served the cannon, and defended Rome from the artillery of France. Numbers of the defenders of Italy's liberty were slain. Two of them,—*two*, observe,—had been laid on the floor of the church I spoke of,—and Ugo Bassi, the priest, kneeled and wept over them both,—both sons of the Republic and of freedom. One was Manara of Milan, a rich young Italian; a dashing rider and soldier; clever at music; aged twenty-four. A ball had gone clean through his body. And a wife mourned for him, and a child; and Ugo Bassi the priest wept for him. The other was the black man, Anghiar, a fellow of enormous strength, who had met Garibaldi in South America, followed him like a noble dog from land to land, and taken a share in all his master's sufferings; and, as he held Garibaldi's horse, his head was shattered by a bullet.

Over the white cavalryman, and over the faithful black, the priest Bassi bent his head, and dropped the tears of grief and respect. Both had given their service and their life. Both,—white and black,—were children of humanity; and both deserved homage from all noble hearts.

Come, let us change the scene. You shall hear of the mother of a poet,—the olive-skinned poet Malabari, of India. She was a Parsee of Baroda; and if you will search the map of India, and find Baroda, it may be that the name of

Baroda will henceforth be pleasant to your ears, for this Baroda woman was a very splendid daughter of India. In 1856 she lost her husband, and was left alone with a baby (the poet afterwards) aged two years. She resolved to go to the city of Surat for a new home; and she travelled in a rough country cart,—a hay-cart,—along the hill-roads and jungle-paths, and her baby was at her breast. One day, a troop of wild Bhils,—forest robbers,—swarmed round the hay-cart, and the mother's heart leaped with a terror which the baby—happy child—knew nothing of. But the Bhils took compassion on the lonely Parsee woman, and gave her gifts of such things as they had, and made sure that she reached the city of Surat unharmed.

Parsees and Hindoos do not always live as friends. But the heart of Bkikhibai (such was her name) was pure from the malice that hates the people of another race. One day, she saw a half-dead infant lying in a basket near her door. It seemed so forlorn; so lonely; and she herself had often been lonely. She picked up the child, and gave it the milk from her own breast; and the women that were her neighbours jeered and said:—

'You know not what caste the babe belongs to! Perhaps it is a low-caste child!'

And in truth it was; for when its mother came to fetch it, she was found to belong to the despised Mahars,—the road-sweeper class; and loud was the scorn of the Hindoos at what they called the folly of the Parsee woman.

But was it folly?

Was it not as brave an act as the deed of Thomas Bouttell? He feared not fire nor water, and she feared not the bitter scorn of neighbours.

Her little boy Malabari fell sick of the small-pox. A quack doctor came and advised her.

'Cut off,' said he, 'the live nails and eyebrows of some boy who lives in the same street,—never mind the pain it gives,—and offer nails and hair to the goddess of small-pox; and your son will recover.'

Her Parsee heart flamed up in anger.

'No,' she said, 'every boy in the street is my own son.'

My own son! She would not gain a blessing for her son at the cost of another lad's health and comfort.[1]

From this poetry in the mother's soul the son Malabari drew the beauty of his poetic thoughts.

Thomas Bouttell, the English sailor, saved the Arab.

Bassi, the priest, wept over white and black alike.

The Parsee mother fed the Hindoo baby.

The bond of humanity was the tie that made these folk of different colour and race feel as brethren.

My friend, the Vicar of St. Mark's, Leicester,—his name is F. L. Donaldson,—preaches to rich and poor alike the message of the Good Life. In his church a great cross hangs from the ceiling, and on the wall is a picture of angels dancing. A few years ago, a shadow was on the town of Leicester. Crowds of men were workless and in misery, and four hundred of them banded themselves together to march to London, to let all the people,—King and citizens,—see that they were in need, and wished for work and wages. Through rain and along muddy roads they walked four days, and the Vicar of St. Mark's went with them; for he did not hold back from their mean clothes, or their pinched faces, or their rough speech and manners. But he companied with them because they were human brethren in sorrow. They were his own brothers.

His own brothers. . . . .

II.—God Speaking to Man

THOMAS M. FALCONER, B.Litt.

THE other day a horse was seen struggling up a steep hill with a heavy load. At last, unable to drag the cart another step, the poor beast came to a dead stop. The driver, who had been using his voice very freely to urge the animal on, now lost his temper and fell to lashing the dumb creature furiously with his whip. A little girl was watching, with tears streaming down her cheeks. 'O, you cruel man,' she called out, 'can't you see the load is too heavy?'

Suppose you had been there, would you not have felt just the same as the kind-hearted little girl? You would have been sorry for the horse and angry with the

[1] R. P. Karkaria's 'India; forty years of progress,' chap. ii.

man. It was all so unfair. The driver was inflicting pain on a dumb animal because it could not do more than its best. You would say it was a wrong thing for a man to do, and if you had the power you would put a stop to it at once. Perhaps it has never occurred to you why you should be so sore about it. You only know something tells you cruelty ought not to be.

But it is not only in reference to actions that appeal so strongly to the feelings that there is this certainty of their rightness and wrongness. It is the same with all kinds of conduct. Lying, dishonesty, cheating, selfishness you immediately condemn; truth, honesty, unselfishness you as readily approve. Something makes it quite clear to you these are right, those are wrong. There is no doubt about the things you ought and the things you ought not to do.

Sometimes it comes into the mind so plainly and distinctly that it sounds as if a voice were speaking. This is how it came to Abraham. He felt very strongly that he must go away from his country and his people, and make a home somewhere else. He could not get rid of the thought. It was just like a voice from the outside telling him to get right away that he might make a great people worshipping the only true God.

Some people would say this was the voice of conscience. They would not be wrong. Abraham, however, called it the voice of God, and that is really the truer name for it.

God speaks to every one. Some hear far more distinctly than others. The thing is to listen and then to act immediately. Many people hear but fail to obey, and the voice grows fainter and fainter till it cannot be heard at all. Perhaps that was the case with the cruel driver. Once he may have been as kind-hearted as the little girl, but constant neglect of God's voice had made his nature hard and he could lash his horse without realising he was doing a great wrong.

The great men who have uplifted the human race have been those with whom to hear was to obey. When Martin Luther felt that the world could not go on right unless he pointed out the corruptions in the Church he at once set about doing that very thing. History abounds with instances of great statesmen, reformers, and teachers who have subordinated every wish and every desire to doing just what they felt they ought to do regardless of the consequences. They know it is God speaking to them and that it must make for the welfare and happiness of each and and all.

Note.—The Call of Samuel (I Sam. 3) or the 'Sacrifice' of Isaac (Gen. 22^{1-13}) may be used as illustrations if preferred. Joan of Arc's 'Voices' is another example.

III.—Kind Deeds

Note.—Matt. 7^{16-18} will serve as an introduction. One of the scholars ought to be asked to read the verses aloud.

In our last lesson we saw how God speaks to man. He speaks to us through what we call our better nature.

But how are we to know that it is God's voice a man hears and obeys when he performs an action? Jesus tells us in these verses quite plainly. He compares our life to a tree. If you want to know whether a tree is good or bad you try the fruit. That lets you at once into the secret. It is the same in human life. The way to tell a good man from a bad man is to look at his deeds. Deeds are the fruit of a life. You form your opinion of your companions by their actions. If I asked you how you knew this boy was a good scholar you would quickly answer, 'Because he can do his work well.' So the hero has done brave deeds, the great general has won great victories, etc.

[The foregoing may readily be obtained from the class by a few well-chosen questions. Let them freely give instances of actions that have made people famous as heroes.]

Deeds may be equally brave, but we like some better than others.

1. (*a*) The brave man who risks his life in a burning house to save another. (*b*) Grace Darling.

2. Bravery in battle—Clive.

Grace Darling's act appeals to us more than a valorous act in war. Why? The latter has a dark side: it involves the slaying of human beings, whereas the former is wholly for saving. Both deeds may tell of a noble and brave nature, but only one speaks clearly of a kind heart, which is one of the best things in the world.

Of course every one cannot be famous. Only a few deeds are handed down and

spoken of year after year. Yet there is no one who has not the chance every day of doing something which is just as great as any action you read of in story books.

It is not fame that measures an act, but the amount of kindness put into it. (The Widow's Mites.)

Suppose you were to make up your mind at this moment that in future you would only do kind deeds. Perhaps you think it a very easy thing. It is really very hard. You can fancy a boy being kind to his friends, to his parents, or to his teachers. You can even imagine him doing what he can to help some one he does not know. But you can hardly think of any one who will go out of his way to assist another who, in trying to do him an injury, has fallen into difficulties. It requires the very bravest and best men and women to do that. We do not know of anything higher and better than deeds of that nature, and almost daily opportunities come to everyone to do them.

[The class might give instances.]

'A "kind" person is a "kinned" person; one of kin; one who acknowledges his kinship with other men, and acts upon it; confesses that he owes to them, as of one blood with himself, the debt of love.'—*Trench.*

Jesus is the great example. He not only taught men they were of one 'kin,' but he shewed men what a 'kind' life was like by giving himself entirely to them. He heard clearly and obeyed absolutely the voice of God.

What is real good?
I asked, in musing mood.
'Order,' said the court;
'Knowledge,' said the school;
'Truth,' said the wise man;
'Pleasure,' said the fool;
'Love,' said the maiden;
'Beauty,' said the page;
'Freedom,' said the dreamer;
'Home,' said the soldier;
'Equity,' said the seer.
Spake my heart full sorely,
'The answer is not here';
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
'Each heart holds the secret—
"Kindness" is the word.'

IV.—Industry

Begin, be bold and venture to be wise;
He who defers his task from day to day
Does in a river's bank expecting stay [gone,
Till the whole stream that stopped him should be
That runs, and as it runs for ever will run on.
—*Cowley.*

What idea does the author of these lines wish to convey? Evidently he wants to make it clear that (1) it is no use waiting for obstacles that bar our progress to move out of the way themselves; (2) we must be up and doing if we want to get on; (3) there is no progress without personal effort, that is, industry.

All the really great men have been great workers. Men of outstanding genius are invariably found to be the most indefatigable toilers. Carlyle was so struck with this that he laid it down that genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains. Dr. Smiles ('Self-help,' p. 97) attributes Sir Robert Peel's remarkable powers to discipline and repetition in his early days.

'When a boy at Drayton Manor his father was accustomed to set him up at table to practise speaking extempore, and he early accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sunday's sermon as he could remember. Little progress was made at first, but by steady perseverance the habit of attention became powerful, and the sermon was at length repeated verbatim. When afterwards replying in succession to the arguments of his opponents—an art in which he was perhaps unrivalled—it was little surmised that the extraordinary power of accurate remembrance which he displayed on such occasions had been originally trained under the discipline of his father in the parish church of Drayton.'

It is by such untiring effort on the part of the individual that men and women have come to excel in their several spheres; it is only by such that advance is made in art, letters, science, and in the great working world.

People sometimes think that because they appear to have little ability or at any rate because they are only common, ordinary beings, there is no necessity for effort on their part. They are quite content to take all they can get, and it never occurs to them that they owe something in return. One could scarcely make a greater mistake. In the first place no one knows the extent of his powers until he has exerted them to the uttermost; and in the second, industry is required from every one, great and small.

The Parable of the Talents (Matt. 25^{14-28}). Jesus here strikes straight at the class of people about whom we are speaking. It was the man with the

poorest capacity whom he held up for censure.

(1) The five-talented and the two-talented servants at once set to work, and soon their talents increased. A moment's thought will shew how true this is. The sharper scholars are just the scholars who work hard at their tasks. Those who excel in games generally put in a great deal of practice. Our powers are developed by using them, just as it happened in the case of Sir Robert Peel.

Besides, it is a pleasant sight to see people busily and happily at work. They benefit in health, in wealth, and enjoy the extra pleasure of being able to help others. They get more of life.

(2) The one-talented servant buried his talent, and the king not only reprimanded him severely, but took away 'even that which he had.'

Just as our powers are strengthened and developed by their right use, so they are diminished and enfeebled by idleness until they disappear altogether.

No one has any right to be lazy. 'If any will not work, neither let him eat' (II Thess. 3^{10}). A person who will not work for his livelihood is like the parasite in plant life which will not take the trouble to find its own food but borrows or steals it from the more industrious plants: e.g., the mistletoe, which starts out from the branches of an oak or an apple tree—a dependent from the first.

Heaven grant the manlier heart, that timely, ere
Youth fly, with life's real tempest would be coping.
The fruit of dreamy hoping
Is, waking, blank despair.

V.—The Cheerful Disposition

'EFFORTS to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous,—a spirit all sunshine; graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.'—*Carlyle.*

'Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them. Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day"; the other said, "I was worse yesterday." When it rains one man says, "This will make mud"; another, "This will lay the dust." Two boys examining a bush: one observed that it had a thorn, the other that it had a rose. Two children looking through coloured glasses: one said, "The world is blue"; the other said, "It is bright." Two boys having a bee: one got honey, and the other got stung. The first called it a honey-bee; the second a stinging-bee. "I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another. "I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better." One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good." '—*Christian Monthly.*

Ask for instances of people who look on (1) the bright side, and (2) the dark side of life. How can you account for it? It depends very much on their disposition; some seem by nature to be cheerful, some surly.

Sometimes it is said that people cannot help their dispositions. They were born that way, so they are not responsible. But that is quite wrong. It is true that when we speak of 'disposition' we generally mean 'natural temper,' the way our feelings were mixed together at our birth; and this makes us inclined to be patient or impatient, slow to anger or quick to take offence, gloomy or cheerful, as the case may be.

It is true too that a sour tempered person will always be likely to look on the worst side of things, while a happy-tempered person will always be likely to look at the best.

Yet just as man has been able to cultivate natural wild fruit and to alter it very considerably, so we can cultivate and alter our natural dispositions. We are thus responsible for our attitude to life.

'Sidney Smith, when labouring as a parish priest at Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire—though he did not feel himself to be in his proper element—went cheerfully to work in the firm determination to do his best. "I am resolved," he said, "to like it and reconcile myself to it which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post of being thrown away, and being desolate, and such like trash." '—*Smiles:* 'Self-help,' p. 98.

'It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes, but it is a still greater blessing not to desire what one does not possess.'

This goes to show that the disposition can be got under control if only one cares

to take sufficient pains. It is a sign of weakness to give way to it. No one need expect to gain the mastery over others who has not first gained the mastery over self.

The leaders of men have all displayed great power of self-control. Marlborough won the devotion of his troops by the splendid calm with which he faced the most fearful dangers.

Fretful, disagreeable people are a nuisance to everybody. They cause a feeling of discomfort wherever they go. Folks try to avoid them.

But the cheery person is welcome everywhere. He carries sunshine and gladness about with him.

Cheerfulness has a brightening effect on everybody and everything. One should never allow it to depart. Even when trials and suffering come they will not be so hard to bear if we can meet them cheerfully. The thing is to make up our minds to do whatever we are called on to do, and to accept what must be accepted with a cheerful heart.

'In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world' (John 16^{33}).

'Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.'—*Addison.*

VI.—Friendship

So far we have taken very little notice of the attitude of other people towards us, our concern has been chiefly about ourselves. Yet some shew a liking for us, and somehow or other we cannot help entertaining a liking for them. Sometimes this feeling is so strong between two companions as to amount to love, and each is sure he can wholly trust the other. That is true friendship. Can you think of any examples?

(1) David and Jonathan.

Here were two men who, one would have thought, ought to have instinctively disliked each other, yet we are told, 'Jonathan loved him as his own soul.'

David was to ascend the throne. Jonathan, the prince, who would naturally expect to succeed his father, knew it, and notwithstanding loved the very man who was to supplant him better than anything else in the world. And David on his part was sure that the only person he could trust was the man he must supersede.

[NOTE.—The first meeting of the friends (I Sam. 18^{1-4}); The parting (I Sam. 20^{41-42}); and David's lament (II Sam. 1^{25-27}) might be read by teacher or scholars.]

(2) The beauty of true friendship is well illustrated in the old Greek story of Damon and Pythias, which tells how two men were each eager to die for the other.

(3) Our own literature provides us with many splendid types of friendship. (*a*) Antonio and Bassanio, (*b*) Brutus and Cassius, (*c*) Hamlet and Horatio. Polonius gives an excellent piece of advice—

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Since friendship is so precious and desirable, it is well for all who can to make and keep friends. Is there any way of doing this? It is true that 'bosom' friends are 'born not made.' They fit into each other, understand each other, love each other because they cannot help it. But they have first to meet. The thing is to cultivate an open cheerful nature. People will then be drawn around you, and the friend will come. When he does, keep him by thoughtful interest in his welfare.

What trait do you like best in a friend? Perhaps faithfulness. Nothing is more comforting than the thought that no matter what happens someone trusts you and will do all he can for you. The faithful friend is always ready to share either gladness or sorrow.

[The scholars might be asked for instances that have occurred in their own lives.]

The true friend has always your highest good at heart. He is more in sympathy with you than other people are, and can see better than they your virtues and your faults. Sometimes he may have to give you good advice just when you think you least want it. This is the hardest thing perhaps a friend is called on to do, but it is his duty to do it.

CASSIUS: A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS: A flatterer's would not though they do appear as huge as high Olympus.

This difficulty will not crop up so often if we seek friends in good company. Such will be less likely to resent good

advice. And not only that. They will be better able to give wise counsel.

After all, you can only get the best kind of friendship from the best kind of people. It is a thing which does not depend entirely on one person, no matter how friendly he may be. True friendship exists only among true friends.

[Both David and Jonathan were brave, high-minded men. Ask for other instances.]

VII.—Heroes

WHICH of the virtues do you admire most? In men at any rate young people like to see bravery.

If this is true of boys and girls to-day, it is at least as true of men and women in early times. Long ago when there was little or no law men had to protect their wives and families against the robber and the foeman. They were forced to unite and stand by one another. Naturally the chief thing wanted was physical courage, and those who failed to stand by their comrades in the hour of danger were despised as cowards. Around the camp fires they would tell or sing of the bravest deeds that had been done. The hero was he who had given the best exhibition of physical bravery.

[NOTE.—The old tales and legends are chiefly those that deal with deeds of valour. The class might be asked for instances. The Bible will afford plenty. Note the song of the Hebrew women: 'Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands.']

Much of our success on land and sea has been due to the courage of our soldiers and sailors. We are proud of the brave men who have given their lives for their country—Wolfe at Quebec, Nelson at Trafalgar—and even in these days there is need of the courage and devotion of the true soldier. Englishmen have become famous for courage.

[The teacher might question on the various kinds of brave deeds. Some are done before many onlookers, others when no human eye beholds them. And so lead on to moral courage.]

It is a good thing to do acts of physical bravery, but there is a kind of bravery which is even better. You know how easy it is for a boy to fall into the habits of others, to think as they think, to talk as they talk, and to do as they do. How hard it is, on the other hand, for him to tell his companions that they are wrong when he knows they are. Some boys can do it. They are not afraid to maintain their opinions whatever the others think. You surely know such boys. They try to do what they believe to be right, while they will not tolerate what they know to be wrong. We call this *moral courage*.

The children should be asked for instances of moral courage: (1) the little drummer boy who nobly refused to drink a glass of rum when asked to do so by an officer, notwithstanding the fact that it was pointed out to him disobedience meant death; (2) standing up for one's friends in their absence, etc.

These are heroes of the truest type. Boys and girls who display moral courage make just what the world needs to-day—men and women. It is not the sword of the foeman so much in modern times that people have to fear. What brings ruin amongst us is falsehood and wrong.

A courageous nature can be cultivated, just as we saw was the case with the cheerful disposition. How? By discipline and training. Opportunities are given daily. Make the resolve to speak the truth, to stand for right, to be loyal to your friends, and the very same feeling which expressed itself in warlike deeds in the olden time will show itself in the common life of to-day.

[NOTE.—The brave life of Jesus might be contrasted or compared with the brave life of, say, Richard of the Lion Heart.]

VIII.—Duty

1. There is a picture by Sir E. J. Poynter which represents a Roman guard on duty at one of the palaces during the destruction of Herculanaeum. He might perhaps have made his escape, but with resolute courage he remained at his post, 'faithful unto death.' Why did that soldier stand there while all who could made good their escape? It was simply because of his sense of duty. His orders were to remain on guard, and on guard he remained.

2. Of all the inspirations that come to men and women or to boys and girls duty is the highest. It has been the watchword of the greatest heroes on land and sea, in times of war or in times of peace. Sailors, soldiers, statesmen, doctors, and nurses have given their lives freely at its call,

The pages of our history are splendid with deeds done in its name. [It is almost unnecessary here to give examples. Any history book abounds with them. Florence Nightingale left home and friends for the cold Crimea. Gordon remained faithful to the end at Khartoum. The famous signal of Nelson at Trafalgar has made 'duty' sacred to Englishmen.]

3. Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty':

> Stern daughter of the voice of God,
> O Duty! if that name thou love,
> Who art a light to guide, a rod
> To check the erring, and reprove;
> Thou who art victory and law
> When empty terrors overawe,
> From vain temptations dost set free,
> And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.
> . . . . . .
> Nor know we any thing so fair
> As the smile upon thy face;
> Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
> And fragrance in thy footing treads;
> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
> And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
> are fresh and strong.

The praise of duty could scarcely find nobler expression

4. Duty in common life.

(*a*) An old legend tells of a monk to whom Christ appeared in a vision. The vision gave the monk a great peace and joy. As he gazed in rapture the tinkling of a bell summoned him to the duties of his everyday life. He hesitated for a moment and then went to his work. It was a great sacrifice to leave so glorious a vision for his commonplace duty, but when he returned he found his Master still in his cell, and heard the words 'Hadst thou tarried, I had departed.'

(*b*) A story of much the same meaning is told of St. Francisca Romana, who though she never seemed to tire of her devotions yet would immediately lay aside her book when domestic duty called. Her favourite saying was, 'A wife and a mother, when called upon must quit her God at the altar and find him in her household affairs.' It is said that once in reciting the Office of Our Lady she was called away four times, just as she was beginning the same verse; and, on returning the fourth time, she found that verse written upon the page in letters of golden light by the hand of her guardian angel. (*Dictionary of Illustrations.*)

The point in these two stories is perfectly clear. It is not the 'kind' of work that counts in the sight of God. It is simply doing faithfully the duty that lies before you. The work of the shoeblack may be made just as noble as that of the Prime Minister if it is done as the task appointed by God.

[Let the class enumerate the duties of boys and girls—the duty to one another, to friends, to parents, to teachers, to themselves; to their town, country; and so on.]

> In God's clear sight high work we do
> If we but do our best.

Kindergarten Lessons

LILIAN THOMPSON

During the last few years much time has been spent in considering the best methods of teaching our little ones in the day and Sunday schools. Two very valuable truths have been brought to light. The first is, that children '*learn by doing*,' and therefore in our kindergarten Sunday schools we always allow the children to express the lesson by means of pencil and paper, sand, clay, or other material. It has been said that in doing this, we are destroying the distinctive character of the Sunday school, but surely we should take the best the day school offers and apply it to higher things. The second truth is that we must study the child and teach him through his *interests*. For example: little ones are very interested in babies, and so in many of our schools we provide a place in our programme for the 'Cradle Roll' and 'Birthday' exercises. Again in the preparation of our lessons we must think of the characteristics of childhood. The centre of interest for the child ought to be, even if it is not, in the lesson. Little children love stories and can be appealed to by them in quite a unique way; therefore the main vehicle of spiritual truth for them must be the *story-telling*.

What we have to do is to choose our stories wisely, and decide carefully how to tell them. All stories for the little ones should deal chiefly with *action*, and for this reason the Old Testament is a delightful storehouse for us; such stories as David and Goliath, the child Samuel, being very suitable, although perhaps the greatest favourite is Joseph. Quite recently in an ordinary elementary school, babies of four and five years of age have asked repeatedly in story time for 'Joseph, teacher,' in preference to any of their fairy tales.

In telling the story we must make it very vivid and feel ourselves that what we are telling is *real*; then our scholars will *see* and *feel* too. Let the stories be simple both in language and theme, so that the main facts may stand out boldly and, above all, let us leave the moral to take care of itself.

The following are just slight sketches of four lessons on the parables which have seemed successful in the primary department of one of our London schools. The work is only recently begun, and in consequence experiments are still being made in order to find the best matter for the lessons. These sketches might be used as lessons in a course on the life of Jesus. They are by no means the only ones which are suitable for the primary department, but every teacher can quite well complete the list for herself and be certain of not going far wrong, if she only 'studies the child' and bears in mind Froebel's words, 'Come, let us live with our children.'

Lessons on the Parables.

[The teacher's *aim* throughout this course is to present Jesus as the Story-teller, and the subject might be introduced by a little chat about stories in general. 'Do you like stories?' 'Who tells them to you?' 'Which are your favourites?' Then lead on to the fact that the children are to hear some wonderful stories which Jesus told long ago.]

I.—The Good Samaritan

A Lesson of Kindness (St. Luke x. 25-37.)

Introduction.—Talk about children falling down either in the street or at home. What would you do if you saw (*a*) a friend or (*b*) a little stranger tumble? We are going to hear to-day what three people did when they saw a poor man hurt.

Story.—Describe the lonely road from Jerusalem to Jericho and the man going quietly along. Suddenly, some bad men sprang out on him, took all his belongings, beat him and left him by the roadside. (Do not dwell on the robbers so as to frighten the children.) Picture the man—scorched by the sun, his body wounded, unable to help himself in any way. He thought, 'If only someone would come and help me,' but everything was quiet. At last he heard footsteps—some one was coming—the footsteps got nearer and nearer—a priest was coming down the road and saw the poor man. (What would you have done had you been that priest?) He only 'passed by on the other side.'

The man waited again and after a while heard more footsteps. Repeat the former description, for children love repetition, and end,—the Levite too 'passed by on the other side'!

The poor man was terribly disappointed and thought no one would help him, so, when he again heard someone coming he hardly dared to hope for better things. Yet he listened, and at last saw a Samaritan riding on a mule (show a picture if possible). The Samaritan was quite a stranger, but his first thought was 'How can I help this sufferer?'

Describe what the Samaritan did—gave the man water to drink—bound up his wounds (oh, so tenderly!), and finally placed him on his own mule and then led it slowly along the road until they came to an inn. Here he 'took care of him'—put him to bed, bathed his wounds, fed him and left him to sleep, promising to return later.

Expression Work.—Free drawing or sand. Children seem to find no difficulty in giving back what they hear, and the examination of the drawings by the teacher afterwards gives them the opportunity of finding out what points in the story they have not best expressed.)

Babies' Class.—This story is quite suitable for the little ones, especially if illustrated by a picture.

II.—The Lost Sheep

(St. Luke xv. 1–7.)

Aim.—To make the children realise through the story the kindness of the shepherd.

Story.—Begin 'Once upon a time,' and describe the shepherd and the hundred sheep—picture them, the big strong rams with their curly horns, the gentle mother sheep, with their nice soft wool, and lastly the wee, white lambs. The shepherd knows them every one, and they come at any time in answer to his call. Tell of a day in the shepherd's life—his rising in the morning, his seeking for fresh green pastures and a pool or stream at which the sheep may quench their thirst, his protecting care in times of danger, and the

return to the fold at sunset. As the sheep enter he counts them all—'One, two, three, . . . ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred,' and, when they are all safe, closes the door and watches for the night.

Many, many times he does this, but one day something occurs. He counts as usual, 'One, two, three, . . . ninety-eight, ninety-nine'—the hundredth is missing! What can have happened to it? He must go at once and seek it. He leaves the ninety and nine all safe and throughout the night searches everywhere—in the dark, along the road, across the stream, in the fields, among the rocks—for the poor lost one, until at last he finds it. He takes it tenderly in his arms and carries it home rejoicing, and on his arrival calls all his friends to be joyful with him because 'it was lost and is found.'

Expression Work.—Make sheep-fold and sheep by folding and tearing paper.

Babies' Class.—Tell the story from the point of view of the lamb, and let them see and talk about a picture of the Good Shepherd. (Little finger plays are very helpful in impressing the stories.)

III.—The Sower

A Lesson for Spring-time (St. Luke viii. 5-9.)

Introduction.—Talk about the opening buds on the trees and the spring flowers.—Where do they come from? Show some little seeds and explain that although they appear dead, they are yet real live babies.

One day Jesus told the people about some seeds which a farmer planted in his field.

Story.—First the farmer had to prepare the field in which he was afterwards going to grow corn to provide people with bread. Talk of the long winter months of waiting, and of the ploughing in the good soil, the stubbing of the patches of thornbush, the removal of stones. Then on a mild spring day he set out with his bag of seed and scattered it all over the field (on the stony ground, patches of thorn-bush, and good earth). After sowing the seed he left it for God to take care of, and the gentle rain came, the warm sun shone, and at last the baby plants began to wake from their sleep and grow. The farmer visited the field each day and rejoiced when the first little shoots appeared. One day he noticed that some of the little green blades were dying, and he said 'It must be because the earth here is stony and rocky,' and felt very sorry and sad. Soon after he saw that some of the other shoots, which at first had seemed straight and strong, were being choked by the thorn-bushes, and again he felt sorry and sad. Yet when he saw the lovely corn growing in the good soil, his heart was glad, and he said 'Now the people will have bread.' So the corn grew and ripened until the field looked a mass of waving gold; then it was cut, sheaved, ground into flour, and finally made into bread. Then the little seeds had finished their work.

Expression Work.—Let the children plant some seeds (mustard and cress is very easy to grow on wet flannel), and take care of them during the week, so that on the succeeding Sundays they may note the different stages of growth.

Babies' Class.—Lesson same as above.

Expression.—Let the children have sand and plough a field and sow seeds *in* the furrows.

IV.—The Barren Fig Tree

(Luke xiii. 6–9.)

Introduction.—Talk about the beauty and use of trees—some especially provide food for birds and man. Ask the children to name some of the fruits they like—apples, pears, plums. We are going to hear about one particular fig-tree to-day.

Story.—Once upon a time in a country over the sea, a certain man told his gardener to plant a fig-tree in the vineyard which he tended. Tell how first the ground was chosen very carefully, where the soil was good and where the plant would get the full benefit of the sun, and how, after this, the hole was dug and the tree planted and most carefully tended, in order that it might thrive well and produce good fruit. Then, at the end of the first year, the man visited the tree, expecting to find the ripe fruit on it, but although he searched every branch and looked under all the leaves he could not find a solitary fig. He felt a little disappointed to think that it had not responded better to the gardener's kind treatment, but thought as it was still very young it would probably do better next season. So, when the time came again for the fruit to be gathered, he went to look at the fig-tree for the second

time. 'Yes,' he thought as he approached it, 'the foliage appears very healthy and there will surely be a considerable quantity of fruit'; but when he looked for the figs under all the leaves and along the branches, again there was not a solitary one. The third year the very same thing happened; the tree had grown bigger, but it brought forth nothing but leaves, there was not even one fig on it. This time the owner thought that something must be done. For three whole years the tree had been well tended and yet it had never borne any fruit. It was a worthless plant and must therefore be cut down, as it not only did no good but, on the contrary, positive harm, in that it prevented the good trees from getting their full amount of sunshine and air. And so the master sent for his gardener and told him that the tree was to be removed. (What would you have said had you been in the gardener's position?) He might well have said, 'I shall be glad to lose it, for I have spent time and energy in looking after it and it has yielded me no fruit.' But no! he said no such thing. Instead he asked that it might be allowed to remain one more year, and during that time he would do his utmost for the tree. He dug about it, manured it, and removed all the stones in order that it might have a last chance. The next season most probably the master came again to inquire about it, and what do you think he found this time? We are not told in the story exactly what did happen, but I think that when fruit was again sought on its branches, they were not found empty.

Expression Work.—Free drawing or modelling. (A drawing of a fig-tree and its fruit should be shown, otherwise the children are very apt to think that the figs grow in the preserved state.)

Babies' Class.—The same told from the point of view of a picture showing this incident.

How is our fainting courage reassured and our faltering will reinforced, and our troubled heart calmed when we think of God and remember that 'His greatness lies around our incompleteness—round our restlessness, His rest'?—*Samuel Longfellow.*

There is a place for everyone. But two things are necessary: (1) to find the right place; (2) to be willing to go to it, and to work in it.—*J. Freeman Clarke.*

TEMPERANCE TEACHING

W. R. MARSHALL

'It is hoped that in course of time such instruction . . . as is suitable to Public Elementary Schools will be given by the regular Staff, as part of the teaching of the elementary rules of personal health which should be included in the curriculum of every school.'

With these words Sir Robert Morant, Permanent Secretary of the Education Board, introduces the 'Syllabus of Lessons on Temperance.' With the substitution of 'Sunday' for 'Public Elementary' I submit the hope gains in intensity, and I plead that superintendents should include in the lesson scheme for the year, at least four lessons on the Nature and Effects of Alcohol upon the human frame.

To inculcate moral principles into the mind of the child that, guided by them, he may go forth into manhood equipped as a citizen of God's great kingdom—strong in resolve, pure in thought and act, responsive to all noble influences, and obedient to the silent monitor within—that, surely, is the aim and purpose of Sunday school teaching. To mould character, to teach the noblest forms of citizenship that each may see life steadily and see it whole—that and more the Sunday school teacher sets out to do. No strong, well-balanced character can be expected from a mind diseased—no strong mental control can be expected from a body diseased or vitiated by bad habits; and when such habits prevent the recognition of the great principles, a Sunday school teacher *must* speak his word of warning and give some definite pieces of instruction. No teacher can afford to ignore the consideration of bodily habits—of cleanliness, of care in eating and drinking, of respecting the body and its growing functions—he *must* assist the formation of right habits by giving definite information. Except under certain important extraordinary conditions, it is generally admitted that no moral strength is possible if there be bodily weakness, no spiritual growth if there be bodily neglect; there are limitations I know, and important exceptions, but in the main—the strong body, well-developed and living amidst congenial surroundings, acting under right treatment, contains the best material, the richest soil, for soul growth.

Some one has said that a one-eyed man sees the farthest. I am a one-eyed man, and amid the maze of difficulty and the tangle-weed of obstacle that hinder and prevent successful character-building, I can at least see one thing—the use of intoxicating drinks and the corruptions attendant upon drinking habits retard bodily, mental, and moral development more than any other nameable cause. It is plainly the clear duty of the Sunday school teacher to consider closely this question.

That the State recognises the danger to children and young people can be seen from the Statute Book :—

No child under 16 may be served with spirits for consumption on the premises.—1872, § 7.

No child under 14 may be served with beer, etc., except in closed or sealed vessels.—1902, § 27.

No child under 14 may be allowed in public drinking-bars.—Children Act, 1908.

No child under 5 may be given intoxicating liquor.—Children Act, 1908.

These are prohibitive steps merely. The best, because the most effective and far-reaching, is the Government Syllabus[1] issued in 1909. The general idea underlying the various provisions is set out in the notes. Apart from No. 1, referred to at the head of this paper, these express the following points :—

2. Reference is made to the want of special knowledge on the part of some teachers and itinerary lecturers.

3. The Board of Education will not approve of any syllabus of instruction which departs substantially from this model. At least three lessons should be given a year, ' of the broadest and most general character,' to those under 10 years. The third section is more advanced, and is intended for those above 12 years.

4. Notes for the guidance of teachers are appended, and in regard to them one is assured ' that the statements of fact made in the Syllabus and Notes have been carefully verified, and that the inferences drawn from the facts are supported by scientific opinion of high authority.'

[1] Of all Booksellers or Wyman & Sons, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. Price 2d.

5. The teaching must reach a scientific standard—should be based on broad intelligible grounds.

6. Apart from lessons, frequent opportunities occur to impress the importance of habits of self-control. The object of Temperance instruction is to supply the broad truths and plain reasons for the good habits desired.

7. The instruction should be temperate, and should make a sober appeal to such reasoning capacity as a child possesses.

The Syllabus itself is divided into three sections :—

1. Eating and Drinking : Food and its Use.

2. Alcohol—Effects of Alcoholic beverages on the body.

3. Evil Consequences of Intemperance to the Individual, to the Home, and to the State.

There are fourteen closely printed pages of ' Notes ' intended to help teachers to fill in the broad lines of the Syllabus. Here is a *Model Lesson based on the Syllabus*, p. 5, ff. and ' Notes,' p. 11, article 7—given in an Elementary School (London County Council).

Alcoholic Beverages

I.—*Kinds.* Beverages are : alcoholic, non-alcoholic.

II.—*Alcoholic Liquors.* These comprise malt liquors (beer, ales, etc), wines and spirits (whisky, brandy, gin).

III.—*Stimulants.* These ' other beverages ' are mostly taken because from habit the drinkers have come to like them—have acquired the taste ; and because they have a temporary ' stimulating,' or exciting, effect on the nervous system of those who indulge in them.

IV.—*Unnecessary.* They are not necessary as foods are ; they give no useful form of heat (on which energy, or power to work, constantly depends) ; do not assist growth ; nor aid in the repair of waste in the body.

V.—*Not Foods.* They are not in the proper sense foods at all, like milk, starch, meat.

VI.—*Injurious and Expensive.* They retard rather than assist the digestion of foods proper and hinder their conversion into living tissue in the body.

VIII. They are very expensive, and yet are unfortunately largely taken by those least able to spare the money they cost.

VIII.—*Encourage Unnatural Thirst.* They do not quench thirst; they make people more thirsty; they leave behind them a habit which may become a craving and a disease.

IX.—*Children.* Children never need alcoholic drinks except when they are ill, and then only if the doctor so orders; doctors do not often order alcoholic drinks for children. If brought up to take them, children may acquire the habit, and then it is always possible that evil may arise as a consequence.

Of course this is but the bare subject-matter and needs to be supplemented by Teaching Notes.

If such a lesson be necessary—and I submit that it is—vital to child life and character, it must be given where it will be most effective—and where more effective than in the home and the Sunday school (which has always stood near the home in uplifting the life of the people). The lessons of good conduct, of straight and fair dealing, of truthfulness, of thrift, the moral lessons contained in Bible-story and famous legend—all these are taught in the Elementary School and the Sunday School *supplements* those lessons. Surely it were wise to add Temperance lessons also!

It remains for me to give a bit of actual experience. Once a month in College Chapel Sunday School, Stepney, I give from the superintendent's desk a lesson, based on the Government Syllabus. Sometimes I show an experiment—alcohol as a solvent, a simple test to reveal its presence, etc. Sometimes I make a blackboard[1] sketch. Sometimes I ask a whole string of questions or tell an illustrative story, but always I give one or two definite facts and leave the children to draw the inference.

In the 'Band of Hope Chronicle' there is given 'The World's Band of Hope Lesson.' The author is a well-known expert in scientific teaching. That monthly lesson might well be given in every Sunday school in the land. It need not interfere with the plan already being followed—it might easily be linked on; nor would the other lessons suffer; all would gain in force and value. The Temperance lesson is a Life Lesson. It must be learned and taught by all who follow the word and work of him who came that 'men might have life.'

[1] Notes of One Hundred Blackboard Addresses. Union Publishing House. 1/-.

THY KINGDOM COME

W. R. WOODHEAD

STILL the years go sweeping by us,
Years of sin and want and woe;
Still the same sad burdens by us,
As in days of long ago,
When the man of sorrows wandered,
By the Lake of Galilee;
When along its banks he pondered,
Sadly,—lonely,—drearily.

'Come to me, ye sad and tearful,
Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, ye fainting, falling, fearful,
'Tis my Father's kind behest.'
He would have as sisters, brothers,
All the nations of the earth;
Over every one he hovers,
Whether high or low his birth.

'Feed my lambs! Oh, will ye never
Share God's blessings with them all;
Will the strife go on forever,
Heedless of my Father's call?
Little children all around you,
Hungry, helpless, sad and cold;
'Show them that my love has found you,
Worship them before your gold.'

Oh, my brothers, hear the story,
That has through the ages rolled;
Teachers, poets, prophets hoary,
All along the years have told.
'If ye love me, love my brothers,
Love my sisters, every one,
Loving me, help all the others,
Let my Father's kingdom come.'

How many an unworthy thought, how many little murky clouds of misunderstanding and ill-will, how many small anxieties we should avoid by merely walking each day up the Mount of God and breathing there, if only for a few minutes, the transfiguring air of that pure height.—*Charles Wicksteed.*

A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's Heaven for?—*Robert Browning.*

Every failure felt to be failure points to final achievement.—*Dr. Westcott.*

There should be some to watch and keep alive all beautiful beliefs.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

LIFE AND WORK IN A THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

E. H. PICKERING, B.A.

THE other afternoon I was taking a walk with a fellow-student on the banks of the Upper River at Oxford, and we were led to remark on the wonderful delicacy and softness of the tones everywhere. The landscape presented no sudden and startling contrasts of colour. The far-reaching meadows, fringed with reeds, between which the river flowed with gentle, circling motion, the moving clouds, the distant towers and spires, all were suffused in a tender, misty glow. All things were blended in a mysterious unity, which, by its very lack of sharp distinctions, led on the imagination to a more penetrating and intimate understanding of their meaning. Such an understanding it is that gives one sympathy with those poet-idealists who see in each and every object of manifold nature an expression of the whole, a revelation of God—and, moreover, makes one dissatisfied with all definite dogmas, all systematised beliefs. Reflecting thus, my friend and I turned our thoughts to the University itself, with its old grey colleges and well-kept gardens and lawns. We thought of the scholars who had lived and taught therein; of our own life there, the friends we had made, the clubs and societies to which we belonged—and everywhere the same softening atmosphere was at work. 'Yes,' I said, 'the charm of Oxford is that it wears away the rough edges.' And my friend agreed.

It is not surprising, then, that those men whose course of study has brought them to Manchester College, set as it is in the heart of this great seat of learning, should have gone forth to their work in the world with some understanding of, and deep sympathy with, all forms of religious life and beliefs. And this is the definite purpose of the College, for over its entrance are inscribed the words 'To Truth, To Liberty, To Religion'; and in its prospectus is the declaration: 'The College adheres to its original principle of freely imparting Theological knowledge without insisting on the adoption of particular Theological doctrines.' In this respect it is a challenge to Oxford itself, for the University, so broad in its general teaching, is hopelessly narrow in the special school of theology. Not that the leading theologians are not, on the whole, most tolerant, but a ridiculous and relentless tradition keeps them in check. Manchester College is not affiliated with the University, but it plays a not unimportant part in university policy. Our Principal, Dr. Carpenter, is a D.Litt. of Oxford, and has a great deal to do with all movements here that tend to the broadening of theology. The college buildings are quite worthy of their setting, the most conspicuous feature being the chapel, made lovely with a delicately carved screen and exquisite examples of Burne-Jones' windows; and the beautiful and capacious library, which contains over 20,000 volumes. The library also is rich in stained glass and possesses a fine marble statue of Dr. Martineau, as well as some first-rate examples of the portraiture of Watts, Reid, and Opie. Close by the college buildings is the Residence, which, consisting of several old houses knocked into one—the oldest parts dating as far back as the fifteenth century—is a bewildering jumble of mystery and delight, far preferable, we think, to any modern structure. There are two fair-sized lawns, which during the summer term are the scene of tremendously exciting croquet contests.

Such are the surroundings in which we students of Manchester College live and work. There are various classes of students. In the first place, if a man wants to take every advantage beneficently offered by the college, he enters as a regular student. A regular student spends three years at the college, receiving a bursary of £50 a year—this amount being quite sufficient to keep him in board and lodgings during the terms. There are no fees for instruction. To become a regular student a man must either have graduated at an approved university or else pass the equivalent of a degree examination. If, however, he is not a graduate and would like to become one, the college offers 'external' bursaries, exhibitions and scholarships from £50 to £90 a year tenable in any approved university. The candidate must first present testimonials to the committee. There are no religious tests; all that is asked is that a man be of good character and fair ability. Then comes an examination which comprises the following subjects: English grammar, a

period of English history, elementary Latin and Greek, reading aloud, and an essay, in addition to which the candidate has to pass Responsions or the initial examination of his university, if he is studying elsewhere than Oxford. Success in this examination entitles a man to a bursary of £50. He may, however, by taking additional subjects increase his bursary to the status of an exhibition (£70) or a scholarship (£90). When a man's undergraduate course is completed he has to pass an entrance examination, and then is qualified to enter the college as a regular student. All this sounds formidable, and certainly is sufficient to show that study has to be taken very seriously. For those, however, who do not feel qualified to go through the whole course (which lasts from six to seven years) or who cannot spare the necessary time, very different arrangements are made. They may, if their credentials are satisfactory, enter without examination as 'special' students for a period of either one or two years. Where circumstances call for it, a special student is helped financially.

The college course is extensive and thorough. There are lectures on the Old Testament, Hebrew, New Testament, Ecclesiastical History, Philosophy, Work of the Ministry, Comparative Religion, and Sociology. On the teaching staff are the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., D.D., D.Litt.; Rev. W. E. Addis, M.A.; Rev. L. P. Jacks, M.A.; and the Rev. J. E. Odgers, M.A., D.D. Special lecturers are appointed from time to time, those at present being Prof. Henry Jones, LL.D., of Glasgow University (Hibbert Lecturer for three years); the Hon. W. P. Reeves, Principal of the London School of Economics (Dunkin Lecturer in Sociology); the Rev. H. Gow, B.A. (Tate Lecturer); and Mr. C. G. Montefiore, M.A. As far as possible we are taught everything that a theological student needs. Would that we could learn it all! Lectures are, in the opinion of most of the students, rather too numerous. But, then, the curriculum is so extensive. Examinations are held terminally and annually, and are a thorn in the flesh. Gradually, however, the essay is taking the place of the examination —a change which all sound educationalists must welcome. It says a great deal for the freedom of the college that, at the discussion society a short time ago, the students were allowed to air before the dons their views on the respective merits of the examination and essay systems. Needless to say, the dons were most sympathetic. On all occasions they do their best to attain harmony of working. They are always careful, moreover, to take into consideration the natural aptitude of each man, when apportioning praise and blame. All the men, even the most backward, are sure of receiving a criticism on the year's work which is both just and encouraging. We are proud of our dons, and regard them rather as friends than as professors. And this, not because they do not fulfil their teaching duties most strictly and devotedly, but because we are confident of their judgment and scholarship, and secure in their courtesy.

And now as to the life we lead! Each man has a private sitting room and bedroom, except in one or two cases, where the sitting room is shared by two. The rooms are comfortably and adequately furnished, and, when the student has disposed his presumably large and well-assorted library on the book-shelves, and added a few personal touches, are all that could reasonably be desired. Morning prayers held each day in the college chapel at 8-45 (except Sunday, when there is the usual Sunday service at 11-30), are conducted by the professors and students—generally the latter. Attendance is voluntary, but so helpful is this little service found that most men attend regularly. In the dim religious light of the chapel the student begins his day, and strengthened and cheered goes forward to the work thereof. Meals are taken in common, breakfast 8–8-45, lunch 1–2, and dinner at 7, with slight alterations on Sundays. Tea may be taken privately, but usually is also taken in common, each man in turn playing the part of host in his own room. And we make pretty good tea, too, as our lady friends would have to admit did they but visit us. Yes; we are allowed to welcome lady friends, but do so rarely, for such a great excitement is apt to interfere with the serious matter of study. Except that a man is expected to attend at lectures, his time is practically his own. There are of course regulations, but none of them irksome; and very soon one forgets all about them, observing them, as it

were, unconsciously. The Warden of the Residence, Mr. Jacks, takes a keen personal interest in its management and in the welfare of its inhabitants. Occasionally he sends in from his country house at Grafton, presents which are gladly welcomed as the external expression of his general good fellowship.

Lectures commence at 9 a.m. and go on until 1 p.m. each man putting in from two to three hours. There are evening lectures on most days, occupying from 5 to 7. These evening lectures alone, I believe, keep our lives from being Elysian; but, as I have said before, the range of subjects is so wide that they can scarcely be avoided. On Wednesday evenings from 6-15 to 7 there is a service in the chapel, conducted in turn by the students. There are also preaching classes, where good practical advice is given on sermon construction and pulpit elocution. Usually no lectures are given on Saturday and Monday, in order to suit the convenience of those men who have preaching engagements to fulfil. There are not quite so many engagements as could be desired, the reason being that Oxford is so far removed from the majority of our churches. Still there are quite enough to enlarge our experience of the actual work of the ministry. Most of the studying is done at night after dinner, except in the case of a strenuous few, who endeavour to anticipate the first crow of the morning cock. The afternoon, almost without exception, is given over to exercise—a most necessary thing for sedentary workers in low-lying Oxford—and in this respect also ample provision is made. The college has arranged so that, during the two winter terms, our athletes may disport themselves on the river. On most afternoons can be seen on the Upper River five determined men (counting the cox, whose post is no sinecure, and generally filled by a reluctant 'walker' pressganged *ad hoc*) battling against wind and stream, the four oars cutting the water with quite a fair consideration of time and place. In the summer term a tennis court is engaged for us, and there many a healthful hour is spent.

The great feature of the life, however, is the exceptional opportunity afforded for the conflict of mind with mind. Considering how few we are, one could scarcely find a more varied set of men. There are always with us two Oriental students—one from India, the other from Japan; and next year our Hungarian friends will resume their practice of sending us a student. There are graduates from Oxford, London, Glasgow, and St. Andrew's, and, among the special students, men who have already spent some time in ministerial work, and so able, from their own experience, to contribute much useful practical information. Among us can be found Socialists and Individualists, Rationalists and—what shall we call their antithesis? for want of a better word—Mediævalists. Hence, whether congregated in the common room, or gathered round the fire in a room in the Residence, there is usually some warm and interesting discussion, not infrequently interspersed with flashes of pungent wit. These round-the-fire talks are indeed most educative. There a man learns to listen with forbearance to others' opinions and straight criticism of his own. I have yet to mention the college societies. There is, first, the discussion society, over which the Principal presides, and of which the dons and students are members. This society is really an integral part of the college course, for its chief purpose is to train men to express themselves clearly and collectedly. Next, we have our own societies, into which no don may enter on pain of—well, on pain of our severe, very severe, displeasure. The chief of these is the 'Poz' Club, where all matters of public, and sometimes personal, interest are discussed. In connection with the Club is run a 'Poz' magazine, whose circulation is strictly limited to one MS. copy. All the men are expected to contribute some little effort, either poetry or prose—preferably prose. The magazine is *richly* illustrated with topical cartoons. Then there is the Shakespeare Society, at which Shakespeare is occasionally read. The offices of both these societies are terminal, and so almost every man has an opportunity of filling them, thus gaining valuable experience in the conduct of meetings.

I have attempted to give in the space at my disposal some idea of the life and work at Manchester College. Maybe my own happy personal experiences have led me to paint a picture of too rosy a hue. The college, being a human institution, of course

has its drawbacks; but none who have lived here and breathed its spirit would deny that the advantages are preponderatingly greater. In the few years spent in this lovable city, so far removed from all the more sordid interests in life, a man has the opportunity of imbibing all those influences which go to the making of a first-rate pastor and preacher. Not only is there good scholarship and still more excellent fellowship, but in all respects adequate training in those more personal matters so essential to a minister. We are taught, so far as possible, how to preach both extempore and from MS.; and, by frequent intercourse in the class-room and round the fire with many of our leading ministers, are initiated into the mysteries of pastoral work. No better all-round training could be imagined; and I can confidently point to those past students now ministers as a proof of its success.—

'God meant us then, to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.'

In return, we do our best to spread His benefits far and wide.

THE WORK OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

ION PRITCHARD

The following letter, calling attention to the Theodore Parker Anniversary, has been forwarded to the superintendents of our schools:—

'My Committee have asked me to call your attention to this Anniversary, and would be glad to know that the opportunity will not be lost of making known to your scholars the life and work of one of our foremost Teachers and Saints. A Service of Song, 'Faithful and True,' was prepared a short time ago and is published by the Association, which, I would suggest, may fittingly be used to celebrate the event. The life story as told therein by the late Marian Pritchard furnishes a very interesting address for young people. I may further inform you that due to the action of a large Church Organisation a day is being set apart by many Sunday schools in various lands to celebrate as a "World's Sunday School Day." The day fixed is May 22nd. It may fall in with your arrangements to combine the two celebrations, making the Theodore Parker Commemoration the service for the day.'

The Seventh Teachers' Summer Session will be held July 1st to 9th, when it is hoped that a large gathering of teachers will meet at Manchester College, Oxford. Principal Carpenter has promised to give what help he can, and many others are promising their co-operation to make the proceedings as interesting and useful as they have been on past occasions. We are asking helpers in various parts of the country to make known and use influence in inducing schools in their districts to send representatives to the Session.

It is hoped that all Sunday schools may be represented. In some instances where there is difficulty on account of cost, the friends of the school might combine to defray the expenses of one of their number, who would then go as their delegate and, in return, give a report of the proceedings.

The objects of the Summer Session are: (1) to endeavour to raise the ideal of Sunday school teaching, by infusing that enthusiasm which naturally results from the union of those who have interests in common; and by the devotion of a certain time to the study of subjects bearing upon their work; (2) to give the members the opportunity of visiting the colleges and other places of interest in Oxford, and for meeting together in friendly intercourse.

Persons Eligible.—Teachers and others practically connected with our Sunday schools, or young people who are about to take up the work. Also friends in Oxford interested in the scheme.

Programme of Proceedings.—The session will begin on Friday, 1st July, and will extend to Saturday, 9th July. Members should arrive, if possible, on Thursday evening, so as to be ready to begin the Session on the following morning.

The programme will be modelled on that which has already proved so acceptable in the previous sessions. In the morning after a short service in the College Chapel, two lectures will be given, with an interval of half an hour between; the first dealing with matters connected with the Bible, theology, and the religious life; the second having more direct bearing on Sunday school work.

On Sunday afternoon, following the precedent of last time, it is hoped that the Charles Street Mission Sunday School will be held in the College, and students will be invited to attend one of the classes formed.

Arrangements will be made to hold several 'Teachers in Council' Meetings during the evenings of the Session. For these the subjects have not yet been fixed, and the Committee will be glad to receive and consider suggestions if sent in not later than the 10th April.

The afternoons and two evenings will be left for excursions and social gatherings, in order that students may have the opportunity of meeting each other in friendly intercourse. A full time-table will be sent to each student previous to the opening of the Session. This will enable those who cannot spare time for the whole course to select such portions as they desire.

Expenses.—It is estimated that the cost of board and lodging (including mid-day meal in common) need not exceed 30/- for the whole session, or 25/- for the week. A Local Hon. Secretary at Oxford will arrange for the finding of rooms, etc., on application being made to him on the form which will be issued to all entering their names as students.

In telling of the programme of the session the writer naturally bears very forcibly in mind the one who originated the movement and laid down the lines which are being followed in the hope that all may be guided by her spirit and example. Let the memory of Marian Pritchard be brought to mind by the reproduction of her four pictures, from

A Reminiscence of the Fourth Session.

First Picture

10-50 a.m. A bright morning. Sunshine outside the College; and sunny faces, cordial hand shakings, and chatter of merry voices within. Now the gong sounds, and immediately everyone turns towards the Chapel; the organ pours forth its invitation to all to enter into the joys of common worship; and in a few minutes the pews are filled, the Rev. W. G. Tarrant, President of the Sunday School Association, has taken his place at the Reading Desk, and the Rev. James Drummond, Principal of Manchester College, is seated in the stall beside him.

After a short service of praise and prayer, Mr. Tarrant begins a beautiful address by welcoming the teacher-students to Oxford, and by recalling some of the great names associated with that ancient University City. Such memories may well inspire all with reverence for the past, but we must not forget, says the preacher, that we are to strive to enrich the present by our lives; and that it is our duty and our privilege to prepare our scholars for a still nobler future.

Further, he reminds us, that no good can be achieved without effort; if the aim of the Summer Session is to be attained all must be prepared to climb the mountain heights, even though some of the paths may not be quite easy to follow. But the good is worth striving for, and he concludes by heartily assuring his hearers that to all those who open their hearts and minds to the inspiring thoughts and the earnest words brought to them during the Session, there will come not only the satisfaction of having gained in knowledge, but also a kindling of fresh enthusiasm for their work; and they will be ready to say with the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, that indeed, 'It is good for us to be here.'

Second Picture

12-30. The morning Session is over and the students are now gathered in the College Quad. Mr. Ion Pritchard, Hon. Secretary of the Sunday School Association, paper in hand, calls out the name of each centre in turn, then introduces to the President, who is standing on the steps, those guests who have come from that centre. Not a solemn function this; plenty of fun and laughter go on while it is explained that shaking hands with the President really implies that everyone is shaking hands with the whole company; for does he not represent them all?

Third Picture

1 p.m. There goes the gong, and the picture changes. In a very short time, behold! the guests are seated at four long tables, doing justice to an excellent lunch provided for them by Mr. Soundy, the College Steward, and his good wife. When the meal is over, Mr. Walter Cock, our indefatigable Local Secretary, seems to

have a whole sheaf of notices to give out : boating parties, visits to Colleges, excursions, garden parties, and all kinds of recreative pleasures, for that, and for future afternoons.

Then comes the clatter of chairs being pushed back, and a sort of kaleidoscope movement goes on for a little while, with pleasant vocal accompaniment of cheery talk and merry laughter, as party after party is made up, and leaves for river or colleges ; then gradually comes a lull, and finally silence reigns once more in the precincts of the College.

Fourth Picture

8 p.m. Now we see ourselves in the beautiful library of the College, Principal and Mrs. Drummond standing at the entry, ready to welcome with kindly word and genial smile, their visitors at this the Fourth Session.

We look at the beautiful windows ; at the grand statue of James Martineau at one end of the room, and G. F. Watts' picture of him at the other ; we look at the rows and rows of books all round, and at the wonderful manuscripts in the cases ; we listen with delight to the sweet singing and beautiful music provided for our enjoyment, and we feel already that the preacher's prophecy of the morning is being fulfilled, for our hearts whisper, 'It is good for us to be here.'

Later comes a trooping off to the supper room and, soon after, the library clock strikes ten ; then the guests know that the first day of the Session is nearing its close ; they take leave of their kind host and hostess, and make their way to their 'rooms,' which, happily, lie for the most part, quite in the near neighbourhood of Manchester College.

So ends the set of pictures, painted by my memory, on that first day. Let the curtain fall ; we must not stay to look at any more now. You want to see more, you who were not with us ?—of course, those who were there, have whole galleries of their own. Well, wait two years and then come yourselves ; for I can safely prophesy that if we do have another Session then you will be able to furnish your own gallery with pictures far more interesting, because you will have the added joy of personal possession.

THE NORTH-EAST LANCASHIRE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

J. S. MACKIE

Amid the bare hills and verdant dales of North-east Lancashire there lived and laboured in the early years of the nineteenth century a young Wesleyan preacher named Joseph Cooke. It is recorded that he 'desisted from travelling' in the year 1806. This phrase, being interpreted, means that he was expelled from the Wesleyan ministry for heresy. Cooke had seen visions of a larger hope, had dreamed dreams of a purer faith. He had, in short, through his own reading and thinking, felt impelled to relinquish the Trinitarian theology. By his zealous labours Cooke succeeded in founding congregations professing the new faith at Rochdale, Padiham, Newchurch, Rawtenstall, and Todmorden. In addition he rendered valuable assistance to the struggling cause at Oldham. His followers were known as 'Cookeites,' before they became aware that their views were shared by others who called themselves Unitarians. In course of time off-shoots from these Churches became established at Accrington and Burnley. It need hardly be said that at each of these centres of Unitarian activity a Sunday school was formed and became one of the main interests of the respective workers.

In or about the year 1866 it entered into the hearts of some of these Sunday school workers to link the schools together in mutual help and sympathy, believing that it would be a source of strength and encouragement. The impulse towards union was due largely to the organising power and zeal of Mr. William Noble, then of Accrington, who became the first Secretary of the Accrington District Sunday School Union. The newly created union was thus designated because Accrington was then the geographical centre of the district, and at its inception the Union comprised only the five schools at Padiham, Newchurch, Rawtenstall, Accrington and Burnley. Of these the schools at Padiham and Newchurch were by far the most flourishing.

This small union did excellent work for some years. Prominent among the early workers were Mr. Joseph Anderton, of

Padiham, now a missionary in Liverpool; the late Mr. John Ashworth, of Newchurch; and the late Mr. Peter Bibby, of Burnley. Conferences were regularly held, papers on Sunday school topics were read, and lively discussions followed. This little union had the distinction of introducing the examination system into Sunday school work, and great were the times the teachers and scholars had at each annual meeting, which was also prize day. The Union relinquished this branch of its work on its being adopted and expanded by the Manchester District Sunday School Association.

In the year 1880, mainly owing to the energy and enthusiasm of the Rev. C. J. Street, M.A., then of Padiham, a new Association was formed and called 'The North-East Lancashire Free Congregational Union.' This Union comprised the congregations at Padiham, Newchurch, Rawtenstall, Accrington, Burnley, and the newer churches established at Colne in 1876, and at Darwen. The cause at Darwen was abandoned many years ago. The two unions were subsequently amalgamated under the title of 'The North-East Lancashire Free Congregational and Sunday School Union.' This organisation did some excellent out-door and in-door propaganda work for several years; but, for reasons which are not of general interest, the movement collapsed on the departure of the moving spirit, Mr. Street, from the district. The congregational element of the union, to the great regret of some of the most earnest workers, was dropped, and the name at the head of this article was adopted.

The Union gained a great accession of strength by the affiliation of Todmorden in 1894; subsequently new schools at Burnley Lane, Nelson and Blackburn have been included. The Union now consists of ten schools, all within a radius of eleven miles of Burnley, now the geographical centre; the two schools most distant from each other are only twenty miles apart. The whole of the schools are within easy reach of one another by railway and electric tramway, forming in this respect an ideal district.

The Union has been well served by a succession of able secretaries, conspicuous amongst whom may be named the late Rev. Joseph Harrison and the Rev. E. T. Russell. Under the guidance of the late Secretary, Mr. Alfred Webster, of Accrington, and the present one, Rev. E. W. Sealy, M.A., of Blackburn, many largely attended and highly useful conferences have been held in recent years. At one of these conferences the late Mr. T. Kenyon, of Newchurch, read a suggestive—it might be said, in the light of subsequent events, a creative—paper. The title was 'Music as an Aid in Sunday School Work.' As a result of this paper a Musical Festival became a leading feature of each year's work. Commencing at Padiham in 1904, the Festival has been held annually at a different centre. Hymns, anthems, and solos are sung, and at least one chorus selected from the great oratorios is rendered by the massed choirs of the various churches. The Festival is held on a Saturday afternoon; the people gather in crowds; and harmony in more senses than one is delightfully prevalent.

The annual meetings, too, held at Burnley for many years past, have been pleasant, profitable and elevating occasions. Commencing with a reception by the President, a drawing room concert is held in the afternoon. After tea the annual business is taken, reports presented, new officers appointed, and the outgoing President delivers a valedictory address. Then follow inspiring speeches by fellow-workers representing sister Unions. These courtesies by kindred unions are duly reciprocated, imparting a sense of wider fellowship, and an assurance that each union is an integral part of a great and beneficent movement.

The respective schools are visited each year by an officer of the union, who sums up his impressions in a statement published along with the annual report. These are contained in an eight-page pamphlet published for distribution at the annual meeting. The booklet also gives the names of the officials and committee for the coming year, and—a new feature, it is believed, in such reports—brief outlines of the papers read at the conferences held during the year.

A joint picnic or ramble has formed part of the curriculum in most years. A few years ago the teachers and scholars met those of the Yorkshire Union at a convenient spot on the frontier of the two great northern counties, with the result that a delightful ramble and an inspiring

meeting were held, new friendships formed, and much pleasant intercourse enjoyed. Adjoining unions might with great advantage arrange such meetings more frequently.

The schools in this somewhat remote corner of Lancashire are keenly alive to the importance of Sunday school work to the moral and spiritual welfare of the young. They realise the greatness of their opportunity. The teachers are doing grand work for God and humanity in these populous and busy valleys; and they recognise the North-East Lancashire Sunday School Union as a valuable source of inspiration and encouragement.

PARABLES

H. H. H.

A.

A boy had a book to read for an examination. He found it difficult, so he gave up reading it, and took his chance. After that he found other books hard. They seemed to get harder.

A girl was copying a picture in the National Gallery. She could not get it right. A painter was near, whom she knew. 'I wish you would put that right for me,' she said. A few skilful touches and it was what it ought to have been. 'Oh, now that's splendid,' she said. It was not the first touch and it was not the last some one else put in.

Jesus felt he ought to go to Jerusalem. It was dangerous. People who had power were angry. He felt sure that they would kill him. But it was his duty. So he set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. And he reached the city, and what he expected happened. But nothing could stop him from doing what was right. What was right was God's will—nothing else mattered.

I don't know much about that boy. He went into two or three offices. No one seemed to want him. He's gone.

When I go to the Academy I shall not see that girl's pictures. She gave up painting long ago. And so far as I know she is wasting her time, rather miserable. But Jesus? Well, we have heard of Jesus since.

B.—The Village of What-is, is

I CANNOT tell you exactly where it is. It is worth a visit, however, if you are able to learn. The curious thing is this—every house has a good big garden; but no one has a gardener. Each is his own. But he never digs, nor cuts grass, nor sows seed. The garden makes itself! It just depends how people think, what their garden is. They are very different. Some seem full of weeds; others have some weeds and many flowers. In some, great wild bushes, with poisonous looking fruits, and wild beasts—lions, panthers, serpents; others, beautiful trees, and birds, and dogs. One I think especially—the wildest of all—bushes, weeds, beasts. The man who lived there was cruel and hard, and selfish. You could find some flowers, but small, and hidden. He was at home with the wild beasts and the weeds. But it was dangerous for visitors: so people left him alone as much as possible. It happened that a serious illness broke out, and he was very sick. The doctor came, but he did not like to—and it was not easy to find a nurse. At last one volunteered. She did not mind what sort of man he was, had no fear. The wild beasts did not frighten her, and though they growled they did not hurt. For weeks she nursed him: then he grew better. When he was recovered they talked. And it was a strange talk. One day he said that she only came to nurse him for what she could get; she did not really care. She replied that she did care, and she meant to take no money. She had done it all for love's sake. At first he laughed, a mocking laugh; and the animals roared, and the snakes hissed. But when he offered her money she would not take it. Then he wondered. And he saw how good she was, never sparing herself; then he began to be troubled. Well, in the end he quite changed his mind, and he felt how much better it was to be loved than feared, to do good than to hurt. And the nurse was very glad. When he was well enough to go downstairs and into the garden he was surprised beyond measure—there were a few weak animals left, and here and there a snake; there were weeds and ugly bushes; but also there were beautiful trees, and sweet lawns, and lovely flowers; birds sang, and dogs came to be caressed. It is a new world, he said! Yes. 'You

are new—have new thoughts. Look!' And he saw some neighbours coming in. Never would they have dared before. Now he was glad. And it seemed to him that as they were all talking in a friendly way, life had become beautiful, and a great joy came to him. 'I never thought to have learned from any one what I have learned from you. I have found God,' he said to the nurse as she was going.

C.

A boy was pretending to do his lessons. He was really reading 'The Captain.' Somebody touched him on the shoulder. He started for he had heard nothing, and expected to see his father, and already was wondering what excuse he could make. But it was a stranger. And the stranger looked at him so queerly that he could not help looking at him. And then everything seemed to change, and he found himself in a wonderful house, such as he had never seen, sitting at a table with the stranger, who was showing him a kind of photo album. And all it contained was himself! It was picture after picture—and mostly he seemed to be lying on his back reading 'The Captain' or some story book, or half asleep; occasionally he had a lesson book, but it almost fell out of his hands. More curious was this: the picture of him made him look smaller and smaller, whereas he was really growing! How was that? he asked. The stranger got another album down, and showed him some one else—and he got smaller and smaller too. The last was a mere dot. But when he looked through a glass the dot was a man! 'That man lives not far from you and is 6ft. 2in.! He was puzzled. See here; and he brought a third, and that was a boy in the same school, and he got bigger and bigger. In the last photo he was much bigger than himself. 'But he's smaller than I am!'

That is where you make a mistake. You see, this is where we have a photograph of everybody on earth, and this shows how big they are in mind, and what they are worth. You see, you are lazy and get worthless. The big man is very worthless. Soon we shall have to use a microscope to see him at all. And it will be the same with you, if you go on as you are doing. The 'little' boy is working, doing his duty, and is noble-hearted, so he is really big.

D.

In sleep we go to strange places and do wonderful things. Now I went I don't know where. Everything was curious, and beautiful in a new way. And the people—I can't tell you how they looked, or what language they spoke, I have forgotten. But I wondered at them, and at myself. Therefore I could talk with them easily. Outside a city, not a bit like ours, for its houses had gardens all round them, and no fences, I came across a man sitting on a hillside; he seemed sad, although the day was glorious, and nature full of charm. I could not help speaking to him.

Sad, he said; Yes, I am. Don't you think I have enough to make me sad?

How should I know?

Well, I am Jesus of Nazareth—now don't you think so?

Why should you be?

Why? How can you ask. Look, he said. And somehow I saw a church I was familiar with, and heard people praying to him and calling him God.

Now, what do you say? I've got to hear that day after day!

Ah, I am sorry for you! I once did it, but I've learned better.

Shake hands, he said; I am so glad to see a really sensible man.

And we shook hands.

Just then a little girl came skipping along.

Here, Lucy! he cried. And she came running.

You dear, funny man, how I love you, she said. And he laughed. What do you want? But as little boys and girls will, without waiting for an answer, she rattled on: I say, I'll keep up skipping longer than you. So they tried, and she beat him, and ran off laughing.

There, you'll tell them what their God did when you go back, won't you, he said, and say to boys and girls that I am just a bigger brother of theirs, won't you. And he put his arm through mine, and talked to me about England, and was sorry to hear that men and women and boys and girls are not always kind and loving; and when we parted said: You tell them from me that I am sure they will never be happy unless they love one another.

BY THE WAY

Our Next Number will, we have reason to believe, contain the first instalments of an 'Introduction to the Gospels' by Rev. J. H. Weatherall, M.A., and 'Lessons on Unitarianism' by Rev. Arthur W. Fox, M.A. Rev. J. A. C. Fagginger Auer will supply an article on 'Life at Meadville Theological School.'

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes :—

Feb. 28th, 1910.

I paid my first visit to a Children's Evening Sunday School yesterday. It was held at Tolmer's Institute, Hampstead Road, by the Congregationalists, from 6 to 6-45. I learnt from the Superintendent that it had existed for at least twenty years, but it only meets in the winter months, October to April. Up till last Christmas the average attendance was nearly 300, but the L.C.C. has intervened as there are not sufficient exits in case of fire, and the numbers have had to be reduced to 175. The children are drawn from the poorest class and are not the same as attend the afternoon Sunday school. Among them would be the children of parents who spend from 1 to 3 in the public house and dine at 3. The attendances of the children were registered by stamping a card brought by each child. The school was not divided into classes. I was present during the singing of a hymn, which was printed in large type visible to all, during the prayer and reading from the Bible, and I heard part of a solo sung by one of the elder scholars of the afternoon school. More hymns and an address followed. The order was very good, the superintendent being assisted by about twenty-five young people of the Afternoon Bible Class, and this evening school was especially valued as a field of work for them. It brought them together in the evening, and from the school they went to the 7 o'clock service at the church. I was told that the success of this school had led to the opening of many similar evening schools by the Congregationalists during the last few years.

After leaving Tolmer's Institute I had a conversation with the door-keeper of a Church of England Mission School close by. A Lantern Service for children was being held from 6 to 7 p.m., and about sixty children were present. I was too late to pay a visit there. I have heard of two other large evening schools in the immediate neighbourhood, one held in Euston Road at St. Saviour's Mission, from 7 to 8-30, most of the time being spent in hymn singing; the other at Ogle Street, connected with the Ragged School Union. Here the children are divided into classes as in an ordinary school. I hope to visit this one evening soon.

As the habits of the people change it may be necessary to alter the times of holding school, and to replace the morning school held before the morning service from 10 to 10-45 by an evening school held before the evening service. It would be interesting to hear if any Unitarian Evening Schools have been started.

HINDHEAD SUMMER SCHOOL.—We are asked to announce that the Course for teachers held in preceding years at the Froebel Institute and at the Home School, Highgate, will be held this year at St. Edmund's School, Grayshott, from August 1st to 20th inclusive.

Classes in the Psychology of the Child, Special Methods of Learning, School Organisation, Nature Study, Geography and Handwork. The lecturers will include Miss M. E. Findlay, Professor J. J. Findlay, and Dr. J. W. Slaughter.

For particulars apply to Dr. J. W. Slaughter, 4, Harcourt Buildings, Temple, E.C.

* * *

Our readers will be pleased to see the following note from the *Christian Register* of March 3rd :—The work at the Nicetown Club has been varied and active. A Men's Club is bringing together the business and working men of the district. The men have a club-room for themselves where they can meet any evening, and once a week they have a special club night, when some speaker of reputation addresses them, or they themselves have a debate on some live topic or get up an attractive entertainment. February 22nd will be Ladies' Night. An illustrated lecture on Niagara Falls will be given.

* * *

HOW MANY of our school managers have had experience like to this ?—'I am afraid I cannot induce any of the teachers to take the QUARTERLY regularly, as they seem to be quite satisfied to borrow a copy for a week or so; in fact, if we did not give it them into their hands I question whether they would trouble about it at all.'

In such cases the superintendent should invite his staff to meet him for the study of the Notes and Articles which appear every quarter, and persuade his committee to provide every teacher with a copy. If the Association provides the material our teachers should be encouraged to use it.

'I will do as you suggest in order to get the teachers to subscribe. The specimens you sent are particularly good, the article "Encouragements of Teaching" being splendid and well worth the threepence itself to anyone interested in Sunday school work. The trouble comes in because so few *are* interested. Send me half a dozen back numbers and I will try to get a few readers amongst the elder scholars.'

Specimen copies of the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY will be sent on application. Literature and Magazine Secretaries should apply to Mr. Hare, Essex Hall, who will be pleased to attend to requests without delay.

* * *

THE BEACON SERIES.—The American Unitarian Sunday School Society is to be congratulated on the production of such an excellent handbook to Hebrew History as Mr. Saunderson's. Mr. Saunderson knows his pupils; and teachers who know there are useful lessons to be drawn from Old Testament narratives, will find this book a real help. Copies can be purchased shortly at Essex Hall. Dr. Horton must rejoice to see the promise of an early completion of the scheme of graded instruction for which he has wrought with such persistent enthusiasm.

THE 'CHUCKER-IN.'—The 'Chucker-out' is a time-honoured institution! The 'Chucker-in' is a new man, the prototype of the super-man to be, who shall rule a new generation with new ideas, and know the needs of men before they need to ask. He is a glorious figure, when idealised in the imagination, strong, muscular, controlled with a face of fiery energy but of iron will, piercing eyes and penetrating glance, free from prejudice, tolerant and understanding; fanciful, it may be at times, whimsical and fantastic, realising the superiority of poetry to prose and knowing the worth of humanity.

The 'Chucker-out' dies before him, fallen from grace. The old commandment passes, never to return. No longer do we see the picture of old renown—the 'Chucker-out' in violent mortal combat with the 'Chucked'—such is a relic of the school of Squeers. In the Sunday school of those days, the superintendent sat glowering upon his flock, and then with instant penetration, fell upon the over active human boy, and with all his indignation roused, ordered him forth—'outcast of earth and reprobate of heaven'—to the tender mercies of the 'Chucker-out'—the Steward of the Outer Darkness. Then, consoled at having once more suppressed insubordination, he prays God for patience and long-suffering endurance, calmly hopes the young rascal is at home, fondly repenting at his mother's apron strings, till his calm assurance is dispelled by sounds of revelry without, and there, in the Outer Darkness comes the cry—not the weeping or the gnashing—but the cry of sarcastic mockery as the 'Chucker-out' is once more befooled by the Young Revolutionary!

Such is the fantastic nightmare of the past! The days to come tell of a yet more whimsical dream of things to be. No longer will it be, 'Let him be "chucked out"'; but instead 'Whom may we "chuck in"?'

The 'Chucker-in' is born among the fire and fury of conflict, when the rebel hordes are on the warpath, raiding and harassing with true Fabian tactics, the school which would be their guide and Mentor, would they but be guided and mentored. They need no exit-directing guide, but rather an entrance-denoting hand. And so the 'Chucker-in.' The work of such a being is full of the happiest experiences of life. There in the yards and courtways leading to the door he lurks, his mind intent upon the lofty calling he fulfils, ready at a moment's notice to pounce upon some freebooter, who dares approach the haunts of civilisation. He engages in no warfare, he seeks no laurels of victory, but with the pity of a Minerva, he looks upon the young Perseus who, shod with the magic wings, roller-skates away into the distance.

He is the true evangelist, who seeks the lost (who are not really lost, but, not yet found), who have, somewhere, magic powers ready to run riot or to browbeat the most experienced of teachers. With exemplary patience, he guides the demure damsels to the door, if he be poetic, desiring that they should be placed in a background of primroses and anemones, rather than smoke and grime; he long-suffers the inactivity of the heaven-born boy, and then with all his powers alert, he again goes forth to face the real genius.

Such is the allegory and the fact: here is the need of the times.

Energy is force and force is the controlling factor of the world. We need energy, power, force, activity—the 'Chucker-in,' if he can, will provide it! We need the revolutionary, the lad of insouciance, the risk-taking, devil-may-care lad, for on him rests the burden of invention. Old ruts are good for old carts, but the old carts are not missed if they stick there. The New Boy is the reprobate; not the victim of the 'Chucker-out,' but the glorious proselyte of the 'Chucker-in.' He it is who provides new ruts, and we can safely run in these ruts, if we will grease our wheels sufficiently.

Genius in childhood lies outside the schools; all the wealth of invention, all the pride of conquest, all the force of insubordination, all the whimsical, fantastic, poetical powers which we admire when we read history are here. Send forth 'Chuckers-in' to bring them to your school.

Energy suppressed is energy lost; energy directed is energy found; energy found is energy used, and the proper use of energy is the secret of success.

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TEACHERS' REFERENCE LIBRARY: ESSEX HALL.—Any of these books may be borrowed for 14 days by Subscribers and Teachers of Subscribing Schools upon application to Mr. Hare, Essex Hall. Stamps should be enclosed for postage.

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